THE BYSTANDER
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SEPTEMBER 18, 1929
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SHORT STORY by ETHEL MANNIN

The BYSTANDER

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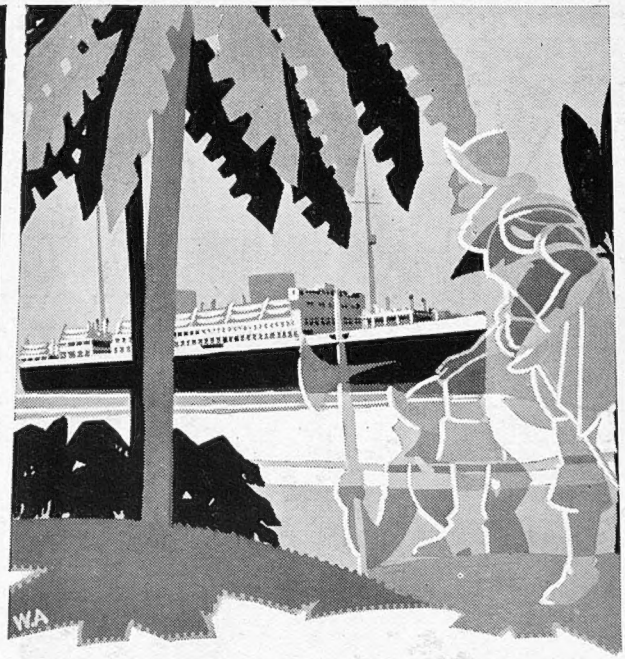

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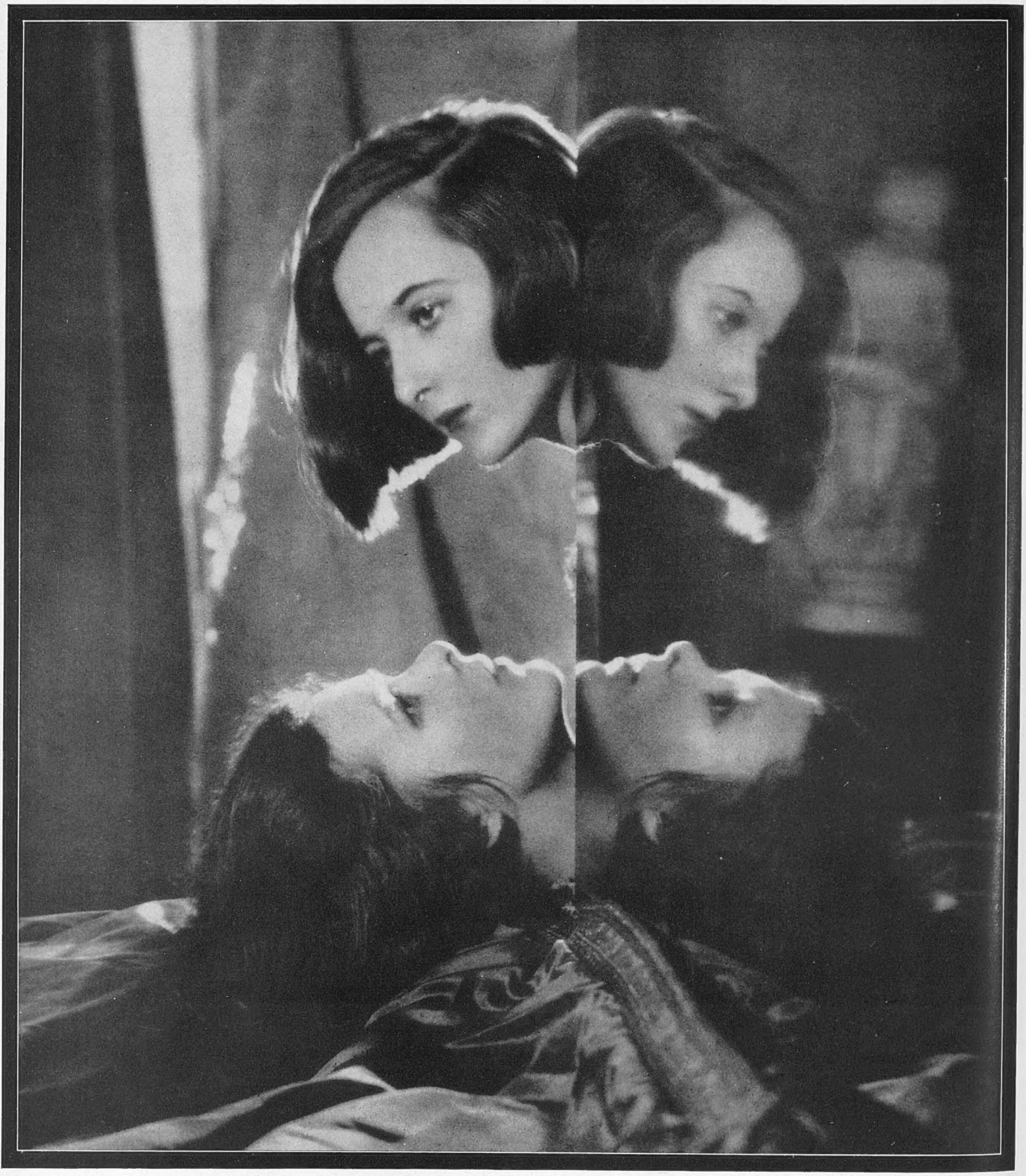
The Bystander, September 18, 1929 No. 1344 Vol. CIII

the BYSTANDER

TINA MELLER

An intriguing study by Bertram Park of the young Spanish dancer who scored such a success in "Wake Up and Dream," at the London Pavilion. This photograph is one of the most artistic in the International Exhibition of the Salon of Photography at 5a Pall Mall East, S.W.1



THE MISSES NANCY AND BABA BEATON

Portrayed in an unusual way in the Salon of Photography's Exhibition at the Galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours. The photograph was taken by their brother, Cecil Beaton

The Passing Hour

Topical Press

THE CULT OF THE KILT

Clansmen, attired in the full glory of kilt and sporan and skean-dhu, on their way to the opening of the Highland Games at Oban. The leaders include the Duke of Argyll, Colonel Lloyd, the MacLachlan of MacLachlan and Colonel R. W. P. C. Campbell-Preston of Ardchattan and Valleyfield

E. W. Tattersall

BACK TO HIS AIN COUNTRY

Jack Buchanan enjoying a holiday far from the footlights at Brodrick, on the Isle of Arran Unlike many stage folk, the simple outdoor life appeals to him

The Premier and Parity

I MUST regard with considerable distrust the official announcement that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is going to New York on September 28 to confer with President Hoover on the subject of naval disarmament based on the American idea of "parity." We cannot trust the Prime Minister when he enters into the realm of foreign affairs, for, whilst he has been pro-German and pro-Russian by turns, he has never shown any disposition to be pro-British. Besides that, our politicians always let us down when they get to Washington. There they appear to assume an Inferiority Complex immediately they come face to face with the Republic. We cannot forget what Mr. Stanley Baldwin signed away at Washington. What is Mr. MacDonald going to sign away?

High-handed Action

BUT if I show considerable distrust in this visit, I feel almost rampant with rage at the thought that if the Socialist P.M. comes to a disarmament pact with General Dawes here and President Hoover over there, he will actually sign a "pact" and tie us to it. What right has the Prime Minister to sign any treaty whatsoever until its terms have been placed before Parliament? Why should Parliament, which is the sovereign power and not the P.M., be expected to ratify some "pact" or treaty after the deed is done? Why are the terms and conditions (which may place our country under a definite position of inferiority for years to the United States) to be secretly discussed by the wily Hoover and the lamb-like Ramsay MacDonald? Why not the full terms before it is signed? I thought

On October 2—the date of publication of our next number but one—we shall publish our annual Hunting and Autumn Sports Number. This will prove to be a record number in every way, but will be sold at the usual price of One Shilling

ERIN TRIUMPHS AT DONCASTER

IRELAND BRINGS OF

Mr. W. Barnett's Trigo, which followed up a sensational Derby victory by beatin a thoroughly Irish victory, for Trigo is owned and trained by Irishme

the Socialists were always protesting against "Secret Diplomacy," and here is a flagrant case by their own leader. All the mystery suggests that John Bull is to be made to swallow a bitter pill, and it is being hidden from him as long as possible. It is extremely unlikely that the Americans are signing any "pact" unless they get matters just and exactly their own way. They never give anyone anything, especially Great Britain. When the damage is done I suppose our "national" papers will get up a yell and remind the deluded nation that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald represents a definite minority of the British electorate—and yet he can sign away our independence to-morrow and our sovereignty the day after. Oh, for a national leader in this country!

Feminine Experts

At Doncaster more than at any other meeting are the personalities of the racing world to be seen in concentrated formation. Here will the neophyte learn more of the intricate business of serious racing than at a dozen other courses. Hardly a woman in the paddock would not have been able to inform him of the ancestry and performance of any horse running, and this with the accuracy of a Steward of the Jockey Club. Take only three such authorities: Lady Carnarvon, Lady Chesham and Lady Doris Vyner, who were at Doncaster last week. There is hardly a race meeting at which they are not present, and not a horse on the card on which they are not a fount of informative knowledge. Were it only form that placed horses past the post first their bookmakers would have capitulated in bankruptcy long ere now. Among the many house parties gathered together for Doncaster was that of Lord and Lady Savile at Rufford Abbey, whither they moved for the week from their other residence, Walshaw Moor, Hebden Bridge, where they had previously been entertaining a series of guests for the grouse shooting.

Flying-Officer Waghorn (right) quietly reading message Schneider Trophy for Britain. His Majesty ha recognition o

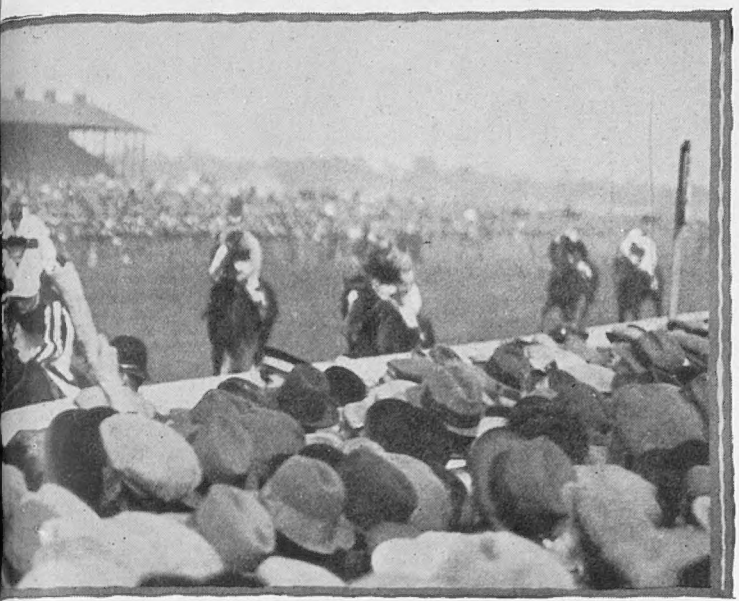
SCHNEIDER TROPHY COSTUMES Fox Photo

The latest addition to the "special costumes for special occasions" so beloved of the fair sex is the Schneider dress. Three ardent admirers of Flying-Officer Waghorn, all appropriately attired, are seen cheering him to victory

Tell-tale Traits of Taxi-drivers

I have come to the conclusion, by observation and hearsay, that, however dissimilar nations and races may be, there is one type common to all, and that is the taxi-driver. Many of them are worthy fellows, but as a whole, no matter whether it is in New

RACING ON THE TURF AND IN THE AIR



Sport and General

GREAT DOUBLE

rd Derby's Bosworth by a short head to win the St. Leger at Doncaster. It was l was ridden to victory by another Irishman, the famous Michael Beary

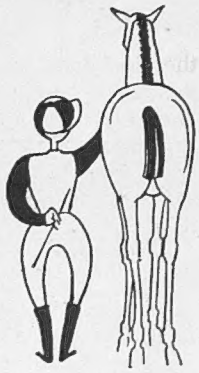
I.B.

good wishes before going up to win the ferred on him the Air Force Cross in achievement

York, Paris, London, Rome or Berlin, many of them are surly, grasping, and ungrateful. In Paris during the hot spell you depend entirely on the taxi-driver's whim, for having found an unoccupied taxi, which may take anything from five to fifty minutes, he will only drive you providing your way is also his way. I actually waited in a taxi queue wherein we all submitted our destinations to the drivers and were curtly refused or grudgingly accepted, according to whether their direction agreed with ours. Also the heat seems to diminish their sense of speed, so they double it. Forty miles an hour along Paris streets is sufficient to break the nerve of a Segrave. By the way, I have noticed that at the Continental platform at Victoria the porter always puts your luggage, however little of it there is, outside the cab. Is this a happy little conspiracy to bring the driver an "extra" on the fare?

Russian Society in England

PRINCE GEORGE OF RUSSIA was one of Lord and Lady Savile's guests, and mention of him reminds me of the comparatively large but distinguished coterie of Russian exiles who live in England now. Prince George is a son of the late Grand Duke Konstantin, a brother of the late Tsar, whose sister, the Grand Duchess Xenia Alexandrovna, lives at Frogmore Cottage, Windsor, with her son, Prince Vassili. Count Michael Torby and his two sisters, Lady Milford Haven and Lady Zia Wernher, are the children of the late Grand Duke Michael Michaelovitch, who lived in England for so many years. Lady Milford Haven and Lady Zia Wernher have been for so long familiar personalities in English Society that one almost forgets their Royal Russian origin. The wife of the Lord Mayor of London is a Russian. She was Princess Alexandra Lieven, a daughter of one of the Tsar's courtiers. There are many other Russians in London, working both in the City and in West End shops, who come of historic families, and although one hears more of the Russian emigrants in Paris and on the Riviera, it is by reason of their greater numbers—for the most part occupied in taxi-driving and in the night clubs—rather than their individual distinction.



G.P.U.

Lieutenant Monti, of the Italian Schneider Trophy Team, making the acquaintance of Rom, the Alsatian owned by Flying-Officer Waghorn, A.F.C. The latter is seen on the left watching Rom behaving like a little gentleman

At the Oban Meeting

AT no other function during the year do the manners and something of the modes of a past decade reappear as at the Highland Gatherings and balls. Society, which elsewhere has been known to give way before demands of sufficient wealth, re-forms itself into something of that exclusive phalanx which at the opening of the century was impenetrable by those whom the accident of birth had not equipped with the privilege of entry. To write of these gatherings one feels inclined to borrow from the precise prose of Jane Austen, and to say how "the gay and refined amusements were the keen delight of the ladies and gentlemen and of all the gentry—oh, abominable word!—present." Certainly the Argyllshire Gathering at Oban and the county balls at the Assembly Rooms would have delighted the susceptible heart of Lydia Bennett, and even drawn some measure of entertainment from the prim Lizzy herself. It was Lady Inver-

THE EVENING DIP AT THE GRAND CASINO AT DINARD

The Casino at Dinard, which was opened last year, is a particularly pleasant spot in a heat wave, for it boasts an excellent bathing pool, in which the visitor who feels like a dip can swim to his, or her, heart's content. The pool is right in the middle of the Casino, so that one can watch the diners and the gamblers, or after a splash at the tables walk across to enjoy another sort of splash in the pool

By Helen McKie

clyde's first introduction to Scotland's Highland Games, and Lord Inverclyde was assiduously occupied in explaining the finer points of these rugged competitions. Naturally, the games were led by the Duke of Argyll, together with the Captain of Dunstaffnage, McDonald of Dunach, Maclean of Ardgour, Major Fell Clark of Glen Caladh, and many other chiefs of the Highland clans.

The Speed Craze Palls

THE Schneider Trophy, I feel convinced, is a race to be heard and not seen. People who listened to the admirable broadcast account, seated in their gardens and homes many miles distant from the Solent, told me that the story of the race was one of the most exciting they had ever enjoyed. Watching it, there was the thrill of anticipation and the eagerness to know the speed of succeeding laps, but otherwise an absence of such thrills as were deliriously described in the Sunday papers. There is little apparent difference between a machine flying two hundred miles an hour and three hundred. Indeed, the vivid colouring of the Italian machines gave the impression of far greater speed than that of the British 'planes which harmonised with the background of sea and sky. Seldom has a railway made such complete and admirable arrangements for witnessing any

Alfieri

L.N.A.

TWO YOUNG COMPETITORS IN THE GIRLS' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

MISS BETTY WHITFIELD

of Rushmere, finishing a strong drive in her match with Miss Sylvia Bailey. She was beaten 6 and 4

MISS MARY BEARD

Who was strongly fancied to win, playing against Miss Brenda Hough, whom she beat in the second round

event, and the fact tnat the Southern Railway Company's excursions were but moderately patronised, revealed the public's comparative indifference to this type of spectacle where the thrill of the race is invisible and dependent on the timekeeper's figures.

RACING HINTS

Add to the lists already published the names given below

HAPPY CHINK
(B. G., by Hapsburg—Chinkie).
Owner, Col. Harewood Williams. Trainer, Savill.
Fourth last time out to Golden Glow in the Wilton Nursery (six furlongs) at Manchester. Was well backed, but did not get well away. Should do better next time.

POSTERITY
(B. C., by Son-in-Law—Hemlock).
Owner, Mrs. Corlette-Glorney. Trainer, Sneyd.
Has already done us one good turn, but as he proved himself such a genuine stayer by obtaining seventh place in the St. Leger, I shall put him on the list to be supported for any distance race in which he should take part.

LINGERIE
(B. F., by Junior—Tres Chic).
Owner, Mr. C. V. James. Trainer, Templeman.
This filly did not quite run up to expectations when finishing third to Severn Lights in the Yarn Maiden Plate (five furlongs) at Manchester. Was the medium of a heavy gamble, and must be made a note of.

EUDAEMON
(Br. C., by Thunderer—Hypatia).
Owner, Mr. J. B. Joel. Trainer, C. Peck. Was knocked out of his stride at a critical part of the race when third to Flying Phœnix in the Fitzwilliam Selling Stakes (six furlongs) at Doncaster. He has only run on four previous occasions this season, including a third and fourth. Will be a winner before the season ends.

HELICON
(Ch. G., by Spion Kop—Hellice).
Owner, Mr. A. Lowry. Trainer, Fitzgerald. Was a very warm order in the Stand (S.) High Weight Handicap (1¼ miles) won by Clydesdale at Doncaster. Had no chance from the start. The stable that shelters him does not make many mistakes, and I shall expect him to do better when next exploited.

JONATHAN GEE
(B. C., by Grand Parade—Miss Buttall).
Owner, Mr. H. E. Morriss. Trainer, T. Leader. Judging by the support accorded this colt in the Bradgate Park Nursery (six furlongs) at Doncaster, won by Annis, he must have done something "tall" at home. I tick him as a nursery winner before the season is much older.

OLD ORKNEY.

Keystone

AT STOKE POGES

Miss J. Spiers playing out of a bunker during the Girls' Golf Championship. She played without stockings

Central Press

A view of the attractive course at Stoke Poges during the Girls' Open Golf Championship organised by "Britannia and Eve." Miss Valerie Black, of Worthing, is seen driving off from the eighth tee

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF GOLF

Quick Pictures

An Englishman is supposed to take his pleasures sadly, but judging by the above photograph it would appear that the English girl approaches even so momentous an occasion as the Girls' Golf Championship at Stoke Poges with laudable light-heartedness. The display of berets, almost bare legs and beaming smiles, makes one believe golf is a game after all

C. H. Balmain

FOLLOWING IN FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS

Capt. Angus Hambro with his little daughter Patricia on the links at North Berwick, where he has been putting her through her golfing paces. Capt. Hambro is the Captain of the Royal and Ancient, St. Andrews

At Drury Lane

I DROPPED in at Drury Lane Theatre last Thursday to see how *Rose Marie* shaped now that it has been revived. It was a wildly enthusiastic audience which applauded all the old favourite numbers with almost frantic excitement, especially, of course, Edith Day in the name part, and fully she deserved the many encores and curtains, for she is a great little artiste. Of the others I cannot say, I fear, so much. Clarice Hardwicke as Lady Jane is pleasant, and dances well, but why, oh why, will she shout all her lines in a terrible Australian - Cockney accent? She has always done this, but it is time the management gave her some lessons in Canadian - English, which is quite an agreeable tongue. Gene Gerrard in the part of Hard-Boiled Herman did not impress me. He is too tall for the part of the little man always boasting of his valorous deeds until he comes face to face with other men, besides which his mannerisms tend to become tedious. It was a part for Billy Merson, whom everyone would have loved to see once again in the part he created. Ray Russell as Jim Kenyon to my mind sang out of tune once or twice, and failed to impress me in that great song, "Oh, Rose Marie, I love you." Other members of the cast were very mediocre also, except for the chorus, and, as I said before, Edith Day. The chorus are as good as their costumes and the stage setting, which is saying a great deal, and they, with Miss Day, will probably fill Drury Lane for the twelve weeks' run.

The Fading of Summer

LONDON'S parks are showing the first signs of autumn's approach. Already in Bird Cage Walk the leaves have fallen thickly on grass and pavement, and in a magnificent display of colour the dahlias offer up an apotheosis of summer's flowers. Both here and at Lancaster Gate no one in London should miss the sight of these vivid, handsome blooms; they make two of the best flower shows to be seen in Town. In London one does not notice it, but already in the country the night and morning mists reveal the fact of summer's going. In all we have had a late but generous share of the sun, and seldom has the weather, as in the past two seasons, been so constant for the holiday months.

A delightful study of Miss Fay Compton, whose splendid acting in "Secrets," which was revived at the Comedy Theatre on Monday, is the outstanding feature of the production. She recently returned to this country from America, where she has been filming and played opposite to Adolphe Menjou in his first talkie, "Fashions in Love," which was recently presented at the Plaza

Special photograph by Howard Coster

AT THE PLAY

BARRIE, BURNABY

Our critic deals this week with the following plays: "Dear Brutus," at the Playhouse, The Co-Optimists, at the Vaudeville, and "Yesterday's Harvest," at the Apollo.

Hay Petrie delivering a Lob

"Dear Brutus," at the Playhouse

WHICH is the best play Barrie ever wrote? Some think that *Mary Rose* is his finest; I thought so myself when Fay Compton played the name part. Others consider *The Admirable Crichton* takes the palm, and looked at as a straightforward play there is reason for the choice; while still others plump for *Dear Brutus*, which Sir Gerald du Maurier has revived at the Playhouse, showing the author in his most illusive mood.

THE main *motif* is, of course, as plain as a pikestaff. What would the failures in this world make of their lives were they given a second chance? Barrie shows us, but the allegory which he draws is difficult to understand. For the life of me I still fail to gather his meaning. The whole thing is nebulous, as I suspect the author intended it to be. You pays your money and you takes your choice. Somewhere floating about you feel you have grasped the author's intentions, and when you put your hand on it the significance has disappeared!

BUT whether understood or not, *Dear Brutus* claims interest from start to finish, and it is something more than a treat—it is a relief to see Sir Gerald du Maurier once again in a good play rather than in some piece quite unworthy of him. His acting in the enchanted wood where he meets his dream daughter is perfect in its sustained simplicity. That part is now played by Mary Casson with charm, though her personality stressed flesh and blood rather than the dream.

NORMAN FORBES is at hand to play the delightful Mr. Coade with Dame May Whitty his mothering wife, both super excellent; Ambrose Manning's criminal butler is a perfect joy, while a Shakespearian touch was given to the Puck-like Lob by Hay Petrie. A bevy of intelligent beauty was provided by Dorothy Black, Grace Wilson, Elizabeth Pollock, and Gladys Faber. A play and a performance which can be appreciated even in a heat wave.

Seen in the enchanted wood The wood is left to the imagination, as is the moral of the play

The Co-Optimists, at the Vaudeville

WHEN the re-united Co-optimists first appeared at the Vaudeville their programme was mainly old but good. Now a fresh edition is on view, and their programme is new and better. That is high praise, but not more than it deserves.

And what a treat it was to

& Co., Plus a Poor Harvest

BY VERNON WOODHOUSE

see Gilbert Childs sufficiently restored to health to take once again his accustomed place in the merry company. Given good material this clever company can be relied on to entertain, and their material being first-rate, there are continuous laughs every night at the Vaudeville.

"Yesterday's Harvest," at the Apollo

IF anyone is searching for a scheme of decoration for a room I can cordially recommend a visit to *Yesterday's Harvest* at the Apollo Theatre, for the symphony in black and blue which Aubrey Hammond has provided for the second act would be well worth copying. I regret to add, however, that I can see no other valid reason why *Yesterday's Harvest* should be worth visiting.

THE story which Gladys St. John-Loe tells is of the type one would expect to find in the Heartsease Library. It shows in the prologue a supposedly gallant soldier called Sir Philip Quinton at the finish of the War living without benefit of clergy with Margaret Fielding, a colourless character who goes off the deep end when she receives her *congé* at the hands of her lover. Years pass, and she nurses, not an infant, but revenge. The wages of sin must be on a generous scale, for, thanks to many affairs, when we next see her she is inhabiting a flat in London which, as I mentioned above, Aubrey Hammond has made so beautiful.

SHE is still nursing revenge after ten years, and, quite by the long arm of coincidence, Margaret becomes acquainted with her ex-lover's brother. She does not care for him, but marries him just to score off the man who discarded her.

The glass of fashion and the mould of form

Illustrations of "Dear Brutus," at the Playhouse, by H. H. HARRIS

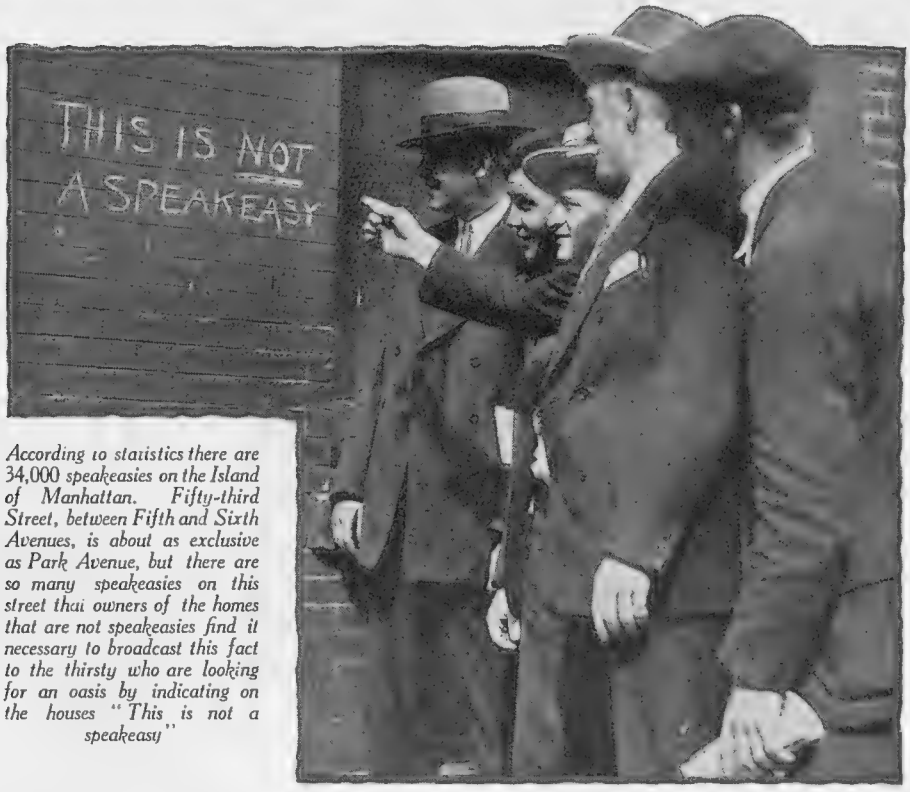
Here seen enjoying a peculiar form of pipe

AND then, just as "comes dawn" at the end of a sentimental film, comes love into our heroine's life, and she learns to adore the husband she took merely for a very nasty motive. Welcomed warmly by her husband's unsuspicious family, we see the nursing of revenge flying out of the window, thanks to love of a husband to whom she will shortly give what is known in the best circles as a pledge of affection. And when her husband's brother returns he behaves in the most gentlemanly way by keeping his mouth shut regarding his sister-in-law's past, and killing himself by driving a motor car on a skiddy road.

THE acting was better in the minor than the major parts. Lamont Dickson, for instance, gave a really clever touch to a fussy politician; Marie Löhr made much of the part of a dignified old lady; and Enid Morgan showed promise as a flapper. Robert Harris played the young brother with tact and discretion, but I cannot say I was impressed with the performance of the film start Carlyle Blackwell as the naughty knight. His voice, with an American accent strangely out of place, suggested to me that silent films are the best. An American actress, Carol Goodner, has been allotted the part of the heroine. Why it was necessary to go so far afield to fill this *rôle* is something of a mystery. V. W.

THE SPEAKEASY JOKE

By "KIM"



According to statistics there are 34,000 speakeasies on the Island of Manhattan. Fifty-third Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, is about as exclusive as Park Avenue, but there are so many speakeasies on this street that owners of the homes that are not speakeasies find it necessary to broadcast this fact to the thirsty who are looking for an oasis by indicating on the houses "This is not a speakeasy"

MR. HENRY FORD'S dictum that if the Wets won and the Prohibition laws were repealed he would close down his vast factories in Detroit has been regarded as the best joke for a long time. He has been told that there are as many speakeasies flourishing in Detroit as in New York, and one "Wet" journal has said that it has yet to learn that Ireland has gone dry, although Ford has built a large factory there.

THE fact is, Prohibition has become so absurd that no one can approach it to-day in the States without a guffaw. Only the other day the New York police definitely refused to assist the State authorities in upholding the Eighteenth Amendment of the Volstead Act. They said, in effect, that they could not cope with it. Not long ago Congressman Laquardia declared that there were 22,000 speakeasies in New York alone, and that they pay in bribes over twenty-five million dollars annually. Other American cities are much the same, as witness the illustration on this page.

STEPHEN GRAHAM, the novelist and essayist, has described the speakeasy custom more fully than any other foreigner. The feeling of adventure when you go for a drink to a locked or chained door and know someone is eyeing you through a peep-hole. You must have a sponsor, but these are as numerous as leaves at Vallombrosa, and then receive a mysterious-looking card with only a number on it. All part of the farce, because, as you see in the illustration above, they actually find it advisable to announce where there is not a secret drinking bar.

THERE are also women's speakeasies; here is an extract from Graham's *New York Nights*:—

"The clientele at the bar was mostly of women. Women brought their women friends. Women brought their men friends. Tony accepted men's money, but he had, I believe, a preference for that of the women. Somnolent ladies in charming gowns nodded their heads bibulously at neighbouring tables."

A FAIR woman invited him to Tony's and promised him better Benedictine than he could find in France. Last time, she complained, she had invited a man at 11.30 p.m., and he did not turn up until after midnight when she could drink no more. On that occasion Tony was serving absinthe frappé, which gave her a thrill.

"I FELT unreasonably proud of Uncle Sam," she declared, "so I had an absinthe frappé, and then I had another. Still my friend did not come, so I went on drinking. At last, looking to the doorway, I saw him enter. I had had five absinthe frappés! I felt strange and uplifted. I felt like the Mother of God. I felt more cosmic than I have ever felt before."

WHATEVER the lady might have felt like, we can only guess at the gentleman's estimate of her condition. All this, of course, is the inevitable effect of interference with a people's natural desires. To enforce Prohibition merely drives the traffic underground, drives millions to drink who, if it were permitted, would probably not care about it, and, moreover, kills off thousands who are literally poisoned by raw spirit. An authority, Dr. Charles G. Norris, was instructed to report on deaths from bootleg liquor, and he stated that in his opinion, because of the poor and poisonous quality of the drink consumed, the public mortality was greater than all other accidental deaths combined.

THE greatest curse is that it has brought boys and girls into the field as drink consumers. No smart young fellow or girl would think of going out without a pocket flask containing usually spirit more or less doctored. Says the *Wilmington News*, "Not only boys of high school age but girls and other younger children frequently are seen under the influence of the prohibited liquor."

DIST.-ATTORNEY BUCKNER, of New York, has estimated that in 1925 sixty million gallons of industrial alcocol were diverted into the bootleg trade. It is a matter of honour almost, or rather of snobbishness, always to have wines and spirits served at all private dinners.

IN justice to the Americans, it must be remembered that this law was brought about by trickery, by tremendous expenditure in propaganda, and to-day if there were a straight vote it would be repealed by a great majority. This is acknowledged by all but the fanatics. Prohibition is, as I say, a joke. But it is a cruel jest. It is playing a great part in the demoralisation of Young America despite efforts to hush up the trade. A final word of warning to ourselves—do not let us be tricked or doped into any similar law under the pretence of "local option."

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OF INTERESTING SOCIETY WOMEN

Marian Lewis

MISS DÉSIRÉE DE COURCY WHEELER

The only daughter of the famous surgeon, Sir William Ireland de Courcy Wheeler, and of the Hon. Lady de Courcy Wheeler. She was presented at the first Court and was in Town for her first season this year

Lenare

LADY ANNE CAVENDISH

The youngest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, whose marriage to Mr. Henry Hunloke will take place next winter. Her fiancé is the only son of Major Sir Philip Hunloke, the famous yachtsman who has so often steered His Majesty's Britannia to victory, and of Lady Hunloke

Lenare

Evelyn, daughter of the late Mr. Llewellyn Edwards and of Mrs. Edwards, whose engagement to Mr. A. R. Aslett, of the King's Own Royal Regiment, has been announced. Her fiancé is the well-known Rugger International

STARR WOOD AT PISA
The effect of the Leaning Tower upon our artist's composition

OH! THESE WOMEN!

By MARK GILBERT

HE: Ah, well, here have we been sitting for hours speculating upon the supernatural; and I suppose if we continued to sit at it for years we should get no further. One always comes to a point where speculation and fact seem to be separated by a bottomless chasm over which there appears to be no bridge.

SHE: I know. It's marvellous.

HE: Still, all the same, there are some things which make one think. For instance, most of our legends border on the supernatural; and yet, although there is no historical evidence in support of them, sometimes they seem to be confirmed by fact in an uncanny way.

SHE: I know. It is all so wonderful.

HE: Glastonbury, for example. Look at the way in which the foundations of the ruins of the lost chapel came to light. The exact plans and measurements were indicated by so-called automatic writing before the presence of such a chapel had ever been suspected. Subsequent excavations laid bare the buried foundations exactly as had been indicated.

SHE: I know. It's almost incredible.

HE: By the way, have you ever been to Glastonbury?

SHE: No-o-o.

HE: That's a vague kind of "no." Surely you would remember if you had ever been there?

SHE: No, no. I'm sure I haven't.

HE: You know where it is, don't you?

SHE: Really, I'm afraid I don't.

HE: But you were born within thirty miles of it; and from what you have told me you were in the West Country for twenty or more years.

SHE: I know. But really, I was hopeless—at least, that is what the governess used to tell father. After all, what can you expect? He brought me up astride a saddle and with a shot-gun in my hand. But do go on; I'm really interested.

HE: Well, then, returning to Glastonbury, the Abbey gives us another of those links with a past which is shrouded in legend.

SHE: I know. Isn't it strange how it happens?

HE: You have heard of King Arthur?

SHE: Of course I have.

HE: That's all right, then. You need not get huffy—I only thought I would ask. As you know, there is not the slightest actual historical record of King Arthur, or of his Knights of the Round Table, or of the fair Queen Guinevere; and yet he and she were always supposed to have been buried together at Glastonbury in an abbey which stood on the present site. It seems to have been part of the legend which had drifted through from the Saxon ages.

SHE: I know. They must have been a marvellous couple; it's all so romantic—but go on.

HE: As I was saying, it was but a legend for about seven hundred years that they were buried in Glastonbury; and then, in the twelfth century, in course of some excavations by the monks, a coffin was unearthed which contained the body of a huge man such as might have been the mythical King Arthur and by his side lay the form of a beautiful fair woman. I wonder if it were really Arthur and his Guinevere. I like to think it was they who rested there.

SHE: I know. It's all so perfectly wonderful—so marvellous. By the way, who was this King Arthur? Wasn't he the little fellow who burned some cakes?

BY FRANK FORD

" You came in very late last night, Joan,—where were you? "

" Well, mother, Thingummy took me somewhere, then I met What's-his-name, who took me to What-you-call-its for a spot of supper "

" Oh, that's all right, dear. I just wanted to know exactly ! "

if gossip

Saska

Norah Brown, who is playing in "Down With Dora," at the Trocadero, has been tentatively chosen by C. B. Cochran and Archibald Selwyn to be one of the twenty girls to appear in the chorus of the American version of "Wake Up and Dream." Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies are being very carefully picked, and should certainly prove a very effective answer to the famous Flo Ziegfeld Follies

IF the Labour Party follow up the courage displayed by Mr. Snowden at The Hague by reorganising the licensing laws and putting them within a measurable distance of the freedom allowed on the Continent they will be in power for twenty years. I am not at all sure that I want the Labour Party to be in power for twenty years. But I am quite sure that I want reasonable liberty for our hotels and restaurants, and I am equally sure that millions of other people want it too.

England is still behind most of the rest of Europe in hotel comfort. That is due to one thing only—alcoholic restrictions. Capital will not be available for the building of first-class hotels all over the country until, or unless, it is permitted to arrive at an hotel at 2.35 p.m. and order a glass of beer or a whisky and soda with one's lunch. It is too risky an enterprise while foreign tourists are kept away from these shores by rumours—alas, only too well-founded—of kill-joy regulations.

REMOVE such regulations—and England will promptly become every bit as attractive a place as France. Americans, who of late have shown a tendency to come here rather more and who were mightily impressed by the beauty of this not-very-tight little island during those glorious days of sun, will flock to England in their tens of thousands, and spend dollars by the million. For Americans are not, most of them, overjoyed at the idea of being confronted with language difficulties week after week in France, Spain, Italy and Germany. They would much prefer to be where there is a tongue something like their own. The Labour people only need enough pluck to take the plunge. Just as theatrical managers almost invariably underestimate the intelligence of their public, so do political leaders overestimate the strength and the numbers of the Puritans and kill-joys. The Nonconformist Conscience—I use the words in the worst sense—is not so formidable as they imagine it is. A staunch stand against it, and the country would be as solid behind the apostles of freedom and merriment as it was behind the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

BUT Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will alienate some of his supporters and disappoint his political opponents (who have been remarkably pleasant to him) if he grows either priggish or peevish. He has been showing a tendency towards both attitudes. He is far from being the most-liked member of the Government—whether or no he desires popularity is quite beside the point—and Mr. Snowden and "Jim" Thomas are furlongs ahead of him in the popularity stakes.

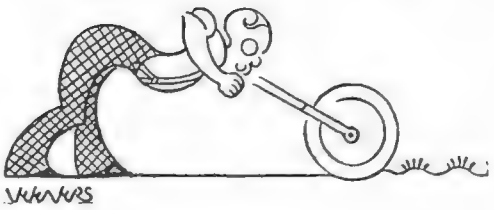
What on earth, for instance, were his grounds for bewailing at Geneva that no Government has ever had

BY NORMAN KAY

HE: "Well, she married him in spite of great opposition, and if the marriage is a failure she has only herself to blame"

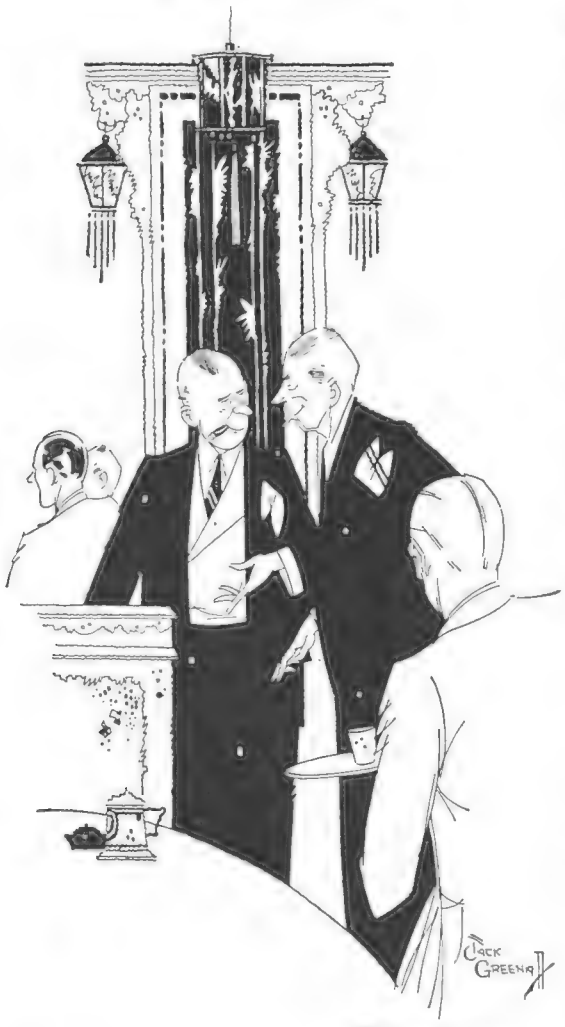
SHE: "How absurd! Why, she has already decided to blame *him*"

we must



such difficult problems to face, and that the House of Commons is "a great burden" to him? Why does he suggest that Mr. Baldwin and his followers are embarrassing him? The indisputable fact is that Mr. Baldwin, having assured Mr. MacDonald that he would offer no fractious opposition, has kept that promise both in the spirit and to the letter.

The P.M. has nothing whatever to complain about in this respect. Yet he implies—and does so deliberately before the Press at Geneva—that he is being caddishly hampered by the Conservatives. It is not so. He knows that it is not so. And to suggest that it is so is unworthy of the office he holds.



By Jack Greenall

"Motorists never seem to have a good word for pedestrians"
"No, they're always running them down!"

I HAVE already spoken of the support given to Mr. Snowden from all political parties, and Mr. Snowden has acknowledged that support. But how did the Labour Party support Mr. Baldwin when there was a crisis, dangerous as well as difficult, in China? They hampered him in every possible way. And one eminent member of the Labour Party saw fit to protest against the sending of British troops to protect British residents in Shanghai, *because those residents belonged to the Capitalist class, and didn't deserve to be protected anyway.*

The Premier can afford to show a sporting spirit and should hasten to do so.

CORONERS having abstained from public foolishness for at least a week, our prize—worth exactly nothing at all—is in this issue awarded to Mr. Hugh Walpole for as good a *non sequitur* as we have seen since the story of the fleas of Stony Stratford. To those taking part in a Sexual Pow-wow at the Wigmore Hall he sent the glad message that "although we are flying and motoring faster and faster, our civic and social rules are of the 1850's."

Are, then, "our civic and social rules" (which is one way of putting it) to go 331 miles an hour?

THE desire to use English words rather than foreign when one happens to be trying to write the English language is laudable enough. But some foreign words and terms have, by long use, become practically our own property. Musical marks of expression, for instance. Following the lead of Mr. Percy Grainger, the composer, the *Daily Mail* wants us to talk of "consort" instead of *concerto,* and so forth. Mr. Grainger's "foursome" instead of "quartet," and "get lots louder" instead of *molto crescendo* was all very well. We are now asked to go farther. 'Cello is dubbed "absurd," and it is asked if there is "a chance for 'chellow.'" I hope not.

AS Shakespeare says, "Let's talk of Wills" (*Richard II,* only with a small "w"). Is there anything more pleasant than a cigarette when one wants a cigarette, or anything less pleasant than the fumes of other people's cigarettes when one is not feeling like tobacco smoke at all? Whether it is a Wills's Goldflake or a rare Turkish or Egyptian of some

Sasha

Mary Casson, the daughter of Lewis Casson and Sybil Thorndike, who is playing in the revival of "Dear Brutus," at the Playhouse. She plays the dream child, Margaret

A PARTY FOR A KING OF HOSTS

By Chicot

"I hear you've bought a ticket for the parish whist-drive, Bertha. I didn't know you played cards"

"I don't, ma'am. But I think the drive'll do me the power of good, ma'am"

bizarre brand (they don't pay me nothin', Ernest—not any o' these firms), if it is smoked at meal-times it must not be lodged by the side of the plate, or on the small plate where the butter is, or anywhere that gives a risk of a waft of it coming in the direction of someone who is eating and not smoking, nor wishing to smoke. If one's companion is a non-smoker he or she is justifiably incensed at the thought of being unjustifiably incensed.

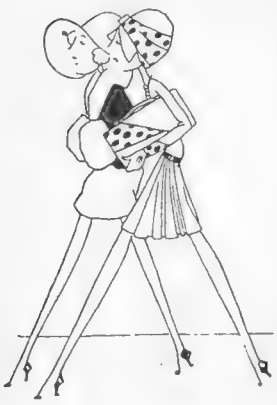
Remember, even the founders of the firm did not smoke during their meals. There is the direct evidence of the lines of the immortal poem:—

It was a summer's evening,
Old "Gasper's" work was done;
And W. D. and H. O. Wills
Were sitting in the sun.

Dinner, you see, had not been served.

S

THERE are such things as blonde Creoles, and as blonde as Sophie Tucker was when last I saw her is Nora Holt, who "got away with it" at the Café de Paris the other night.



Like Miss Tucker, Miss Holt has not only latitude and blonditude, but a most compelling voice and personality. She can "roar an' t'were any nightingale" or coo like a dove, and she can play on her audience as Heifetz can on his fiddle. Singing this is not—from the operatic or concert-hall standpoint. But it is something that is mighty effective, and, I should imagine, mighty lucrative as well. Moreover, Miss Holt does not sing about herself quite so much as "Sophe" does.

S

I WONDER what George Edwardes would have thought had he seen Mark Twain's name in electric lights outside Daly's Theatre. And I wonder, also, what Samuel Langhorne Clemens would have thought. As I passed the other day the theatre was gradually becoming green (not as the result of the passing) and a group of agents and out-of-work "pros." stood gazing from the opposite pavement. "Who's this Mark Twain?" went up one query. "Whoever he is, I expect Ernie Edlesten's booked him," came the answer.

S

NEXT month sees the end of the Royal York Hotel, Brighton, so far as Harry Preston is concerned. It will, indeed, cease to be an hotel at all, and, in spite of the fact that Harry will continue to pull one's arm nearly out of the socket and dispense libations of the "old and bold" by way of immediate compensation at the Albion just over the way, Brighton will feel the loss of the old place. But it will have one last celebration before it finally closes its door. The party will undoubtedly be a real "wow." Of "hallapaloozers" there will be no lack. For on the evening of October 6—a Sunday, but the better the day the better the deed—some of Harry's oldest friends are organising a dinner to the great little man who is the most persistent and generous host, but whom it is so fantastically difficult to persuade to be a guest. However, he has got to go through the ordeal on this occasion, and many of those whom he has entertained at the Royal York—princes and prize-fighters, actors and architects, sailors and stockbrokers, peers and poets, right down to journalists—will be there to see him go through the ordeal.

S

WHEN George Robey lifted his eyebrows and, in a voice choking with horror, cried, "Decorum, I beg!" the admonition was rightly taken to be decidedly humorous, and the audience promptly responded by laughing loud and long. However, circumstances alter cases, as the porter said when he dropped the case of Chateau Yquem in front of the Scottish Express, and, although a plea for decorum may sound amusing enough when uttered by a celebrated comedian in a music-hall, there *are* times when it can be nothing but irritating—and infernally irritating at that. I suppose Mrs. Grundy and Bumbledom are more or less an integral part of the make-up of the minds of minor officialdom in this country, but it is difficult to observe the results in a spirit of true Christian resignation.

By Leslie Butler

'Oh, I say, what a topping tie! I would just love to have a dress made out of it"

PRUDERY ON THE PROWL

IN THE DOL-DRUMS *Photopress*

Whimsical Walker, the famous old Drury Lane clown, entertaining two little kiddies at Gorleston-on-Sea with a story about his clown doll. A great favourite with the children, he never lacks an affectionate audience when he comes down to the sands

AT a certain Essex holiday resort which proudly boasts its immunity from trippers and steadfastly refuses to sanction the presence of charabancs within its boundaries the authorities have brought officiousness to a fine art. During the recent heat wave a bather was lying on the sands enjoying a sun-bath. Nothing very terrible in this, perhaps, but, unfortunately for her, one of the shoulder-straps of her bathing dress had slipped a little off her shoulder. Of course, such a state of things could not possibly be allowed to exist if the fair name and fame of the seaside resort in question were to be preserved, and the tame official who is kept prowling about the beach to quash such ghastly breaches of decorum with a heavy hand pounced on the unsuspecting victim.

IN a voice vibrant with emotion he exclaimed, "*Two* shoulder-straps in Blankton-on-Sea, *if* you please!" Flushed with moral victory, he continued his prowl, doubtlessly ruminating on the extraordinary fact that so many people seem to prefer to take their holidays on the Continent, where grown-up people are not treated either as naughty children or adults who cannot think rationally for themselves, instead of bowing before the irksome restrictions, bans and stupid officiousness of the little tin gods who lord it over our so-called holiday resorts.

Sasha

Edith Day, the American actress who plays lead in the revival of the American musical comedy, "Rose Marie," at the National Theatre, with her Totem doll. Though the Tote may lead some backers a dance, there is no denying that the Totem Dance was a hot favourite when "Rose Marie" first came over here

THE ECLIPSE

A political writer declares that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has quite eclipsed Mr. J. H. Thomas in the political limelight, and adds that the latter possesses a personality which cannot thrive without it.

OH, Philip, see what you have done;
You've got good cause to be afraid, sir,
For you've eclipsed the special sun
That erstwhile brightly shone on one
Who, since your triumph, has begun
To find that he is in the shade, sir,
And thanks to you, the light burns dim
Around the head of Honest Jim.

I ask you, Philip, is it right
To come along in manner wily
And cast a cloud and shed a blight
On one who's always a delight
In coat tails trim and boiled shirt white,
A man we aspi-rate right highly?
For what's two million quid p.a.
If Sunny Jim does not hold sway?

Come from the shadows, Thomas, come,
For we can ill afford to lose you.
No longer let your voice be dumb—
Though second fiddles do for some
We look to you to bang the drum,
And for a figurehead we choose you.
So do not hide from us afar
Your quiff, your quips and your cigar.

B. W.

A Glorious Extravagance Marks the Evening Frock

By BLANCHE B. ELLIOTT

Mauve printed taffeta forms this exquisite evening model with the tight hip merging into a panel train, and fullness springing from just above the knee in front
Specially sketched for the Bystander: Model Louiseboulanger

No well dressed Englishwoman can afford to miss Miss Elliott's illuminating and descriptive articles on the latest Autumn Fashions. This is the second of the series

One has to admit to a thrill of excitement, almost of exhilaration, at the first sight of the gorgeous magnificence of the new evening gowns. With what a daring gesture do they challenge the stereotyped idea that emancipated woman will have none of them; that she will never give up the "liberty" of the short frock. Modern woman has proved herself curiously like the ancient species, and the world will probably cease to go round when the feminine portion of it no longer desires to adorn herself or try to be beautiful. "It is woman's duty to attract, and man to be attracted," said a wise cynic recently, and the newest style in frocks will certainly aid and abet her in this part of her duty to man.

It is, of course, the evening gown that most of the to-do is about, because it is there where the styles are most extreme. There is a new graciousness in the long, sweeping lines, in the subtle outlining of the feminine form; an enchantment of mystery in the longer skirts and gracefully trailing trains. Exactly how much a woman fails to reach perfection in the width of her calf, the shape of her leg, the size of her knee will not now be for the world to gaze upon; and the skilful drapery, uneven and transparent though it may be, will give to her nether limbs the advantage of doubt as to their contour.

Individuality of the Paris Designers

Not the least entertaining part of attending the collections of the *grandes maisons* is to note the varied interpretations each house gives of a new style. It is like a similar theme worked by different artists. Each presents here and there an original dress-thought, often as a practical reply to a need arising from some new fashion.

It is certainly the evening, or formal, frock that is the source of the greatest inspiration. Of these Lanvin shows some particularly lovely examples. In the *robe de style*, in which she excels, she skilfully adds a note of the picturesque which has a savour of the Russian in its conception. Many of her frocks are long enough to touch the ground, or they carry trains, and she uses *diamanté* and much ornamentation on the bodice. Her long sleeves are original to the point of eccentricity both in dresses and coats, her delicious gown for a bride having long tulle sleeves wound round with pearls in a mediæval manner. A very long, slim-bodied black dinner frock with bell sleeves of silver achieved a great success worn with something particularly attractive in hats. The little flaring basque or *péplum* again appears on both day and evening frocks below the close-fitting bodice, an example being given in the *Scaioni* photograph on the opposite page, but it is a style only to be attempted by the very slim.

The tight, tube-like frock of glittering *paillette* clings so closely to the figure that it presupposes a good one. It was shown by most houses, and was very successful combined with tulle, which seemed to rise up round the feet with a cloud-like softness acting as a foil and contrast to the gleaming body which scintillated like the scales of a wet fish in the sunshine. Chanel did a red frock in *paillette* with a skirt composed of flat frills, a feature being the narrow, straight, stiff scarf of the same material that was wound round the neck-line. Scarves for all times are a great point with this house, brightly coloured woollies (a striped leather was very original) being used for sports, and tulle chiefly for the evening.

Lucien Lelong shows some quite adorable models for the formal occasion, and his frocks possess the *distingué*, well-bred air which makes them essentially the choice of the woman of taste who shuns exaggeration. He uses loops, puffs and drapery and the well-placed spiral frill which helps the average figure that is neither so young nor so beautiful as it used to be. A deep fold over in the place of a frill is his favourite means to achieve an end, the fitting frock going to a long deep point in front, from which the fullness escapes at the feet, has a charming line. Lace is enormously used in black, white or colours, as it lends itself admirably to the deep flounces and frills, and creates the kind of frock many women prefer as being so eminently becoming. For the draped frock *lamé* in its new sheer brocaded quality is a well-established favourite for the winter wardrobe, and possesses the touch of gorgeousness suitable for the *grande toilette*.

The Shoulder Wrap

With the very low back and no sleeves to mention there is very naturally a call for a shoulder wrap, and it is presented in a variety of forms. Sometimes it is developed—as in the case of a striking Lelong model—in black velvet touched with ermine and lined with white satin to match the frock. (Evening frocks and cloaks more and more form a matching *ensemble*.) Usually, however, they are just bits of things which will, nevertheless, convert a full evening gown into a dinner or theatre frock. Molyneux does them very charmingly as little chiffon coats sparkling with *paillette*, either with or without sleeves. Augustabernard is utterly original, and makes a little detachable thing that is a cross between a cape and *berthe* in lace or chiffon. It just unties with a whisk of the hand, and is slipped off the bared shoulders. The tulle scarf is worn in a new way like a trailing cloud, and is just held under the chin in front, where it keeps its place by sheer magic. There is with this deep *décolletage* quite a feeling for the long, tight-fitting sleeve, notably by Worth, which is a style with much to commend it. Another effort to recapture a lost elegance is the introduction of the threequarter length glove for evening wear. The novelty about it is that it contrasts sharply with the frock with which it is worn. Worth showed red gloves with a white frock and red shoes to match, and Lanvin repeated this colour in gloves and placed a bracelet of sparkling ornamentation to hold them in place. Black gloves were also seen, and Worth showed a green lace frock with green gloves and shoes to match.

An evening model in red faille *falls softly in points to the feet with a simplicity that veils consummate art. The evening cap is in brilliants.* *Model, Lanvin*

EXCLUSIVE BY TANDER. PHOTOGRAPH BY CAIONI PARIS

BY HOUGHTON

"And the numbers on the sails—are they the laundry marks?"

BY LAURIE TAYLER

SYL-VANITY

THE DIVID

BY WEBSTER MURRAY

ED HEART

BY ROBB

THE WIDOW AND THE WEED

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

WANTED IN ROOM 13

By ETHEL MANNIN

Illustrated by Charles Robinson

VICTOR LANG lay back in one of the deep, luxurious armchairs of the super-luxurious lounge of the Grand Excelsior Hotel, with a dry Martini on the table before him and a pleasant sense of relaxation at heart. He congratulated himself on achieving the idea of breaking the journey to Brussels and taking this week-end at Ostend. Business ought to be combined with pleasure whenever possible; that was part of the art of living, like learning how to have your cake and eat it. Instead of rushing through to the noise and clangour of Brussels, and spending a dull week-end talking business with the Belgian representative of Lang and Lawley, importers and exporters, here he was reclining comfortably in evening clothes indulging in his favourite pastime of watching the world go by. There really wasn't anything quite as interesting, he thought, particularly when you had a cosmopolitan crowd like this under observation; here you had assembled some of the richest, the most amusing, the most notorious, and the most interesting men and women of London, Paris, and Brussels.

He had no definite plans for the evening beyond that he would dine with a leisureliness which would do justice to the dinner he proposed to order for himself, linger over an old brandy, and then, he supposed, he might drift along to the Kursaal, gamble a little, watch the dancing, perhaps dance himself, and go to bed early.

A bell-boy marching sturdily between the tables and calling out a name broke in on his pleasant reverie. Funny little chaps, those bell-boys; looked as though they ought to be at school, most of them; too young to be taken away from their mothers; and you could never understand what names they called. What was this youngster calling, for instance? Good Lord, not Lang! What on earth should he be wanted for? Who could possibly be wanting him? He didn't know anyone in the hotel; had only arrived an hour or so ago.

The bell-boy went on calling: "Meester Lang. Meester Lang——"

Lang roused himself. "Hi! Anyone wanting me? My name's Lang."

THE boy glanced about him at the sound of a voice, then spotted Lang and came over to him. He said in an English which made Lang ashamed of his French: "Mr. Lang is wanted in Room 13, m'sieu."

"Who wants me?"

"Madame, m'sieu."

"Sure there isn't any mistake?"

"No, m'sieu. There is no other Meester Lang stopping in the hotel."

"Then it looks as if it must be me all right. Lead on, Macduff."

"What on earth——" thought Lang, as he followed the bell-boy through the lounge and into the lift.

And he thought it all the time the lift shot up, and still more when it finally stopped and he followed the boy along a thickly carpeted corridor and stopped outside a door numbered 13.

"Unlucky number, anyhow," he thought whimsically, as the boy knocked.

"*Entrez,*" called a woman's voice. The boy opened the door, announced "Meester Lang," and discreetly withdrew.

Lang passed round a lacquer screen into a luxurious sitting-room, with green painted walls and red lacquer furniture and a great many exotic satin cushions—he had this swift impression before a woman emerged from a communicating room—a young and beautiful woman in a black evening dress which fitted her skin-tight to the waist and then fell away in long, cloudy folds of chiffon.

She started when she saw him, and emitted a little involuntary "Oh!" Then she recovered herself. "What do you want?" she demanded.

Lang gazed at her in bewilderment. "You sent for me," he said; "my name is Lang, and the bell-boy said I was wanted in Room 13, and this appears to be Room 13, and that is all I know about it. There would appear to be some mistake—not about the name, for I appear to be the only Lang in the place, but the boy must have mixed the room numbers. I am very sorry. I will go."

He turned, but her sudden laugh arrested him. "Oh, it is too funny! I see how it happened. I sent the boy to find my husband—Mr. Lane. It is a confusion of the names, that's all. I'm so sorry you've been t-r-roubled, as the telephone girls say. Won't you please sit down and have a drink with me, since I've probably interrupted you in the middle of one?"

Lang laughed. "It would really be a nicer conclusion to the adventure than just going tamely away again," he said, and sat down.

MRS. LANE rang the bell. Whilst they waited for it to be answered they made conventional small talk. She and her husband always enjoyed a week here in the summer, she said, but they were leaving for Brussels that night. Did he know Brussels? He said he did; and he thought: "She really is the most beautiful thing I've ever seen." He was acutely conscious of the scent of the living gardenias on her shoulder. Her skin was almost as white, he thought, and she had the most amazing dark eyes and such incredible lashes, and her dark head was so exquisitely poised. Exquisite, he decided, was really the only word which described her.

When the page answered the bell she turned to Lang: "What will you drink?"

He said, smiling: "I might as well go on as I began—a dry Martini, please."

She shrugged, "How dull!" Then to the page: "Bring me a dry Martini and a Clover Club, please. And find Mr. Lane. Mr. L-a-n-e, not Lang, and ask him to come up."

A few moments later the floor waiter entered with the drinks, and presently the page returned. "Mr. Lane is engaged, madame. He says he will see you at dinner."

The page withdrew, and Lang saw that the girl bit her lip. "You see how my cave-man of a husband treats me," she said, with a curious little rueful laugh.

"Does he always treat you like that?" Lang asked.

"More or less. Being rude to me is his favourite hobby, I sometimes think."

"Don't you ever retaliate?"

She shrugged. "Perhaps." She picked up her drink.

"Good bless me."

He laughed. "Me, too. But there are better toasts."

"Not so early in the evening."

He said recklessly, "Look here, why not start reprisals to-night, and dine with me? Send a bell-boy to your husband to say that you regret you will not be able to see him at dinner because you are engaged?"

She laughed a little breathlessly. "Oh, I don't think I could do that!"

"Of course you could. Don't be silly. Look, get your cloak and we'll dine and dance at the Kursaal. We can leave the message for your husband with a page as we go out."

"Of course," she hesitated, "it would be wild fun——"

"Of course it would. I'm not sure that Fate hadn't something of the sort in mind when it sent me along here in lieu of your husband. It's Fate, that's what it is, dearie."

(All rights strictly reserved)

She caught the spirit. "And as the lady who preferred gentlemen who preferred blondes said, 'When there's so much fate in a girl's life.' All right. I'll get my cloak. But don't blame me if an irate husband is athirst for your blood before the night's out."

It really was the most incredible and astounding luck, Lang thought a few moments later, when he was accompanying a golden-cloaked and very lovely lady along the corridor to the lift—an adventure with a capital A.

As they crossed the hotel lounge she suddenly stopped and laid her hand on his arm.

"Do you see the man over there, at the table under the palm, with the woman in green? That is my husband. That is why he is 'engaged.'" Her voice was bitter.

Victor pressed her hand. "You don't worry about it? People who are rude to one are never worth worrying about. I can't bear you to be unhappy."

And it was true; he had never set eyes on her until half an hour ago, but now that he had done so he literally could not bear to think of anyone so lovely being unhappy, and the bitterness of her voice hurt him.

There were not many people at the Kursaal—the place, he knew, would fill up later. He chose a table in an alcove, and, when the preliminaries of choosing food and wine were over, said, "Since this is such an extraordinary adventure for both of us, nothing else we might do could make it more extraordinary, and so might I have a name to call you by instead of just conventionally Mrs. Lane? You ought to be called Dolores, or something exotic like that."

"It's a pity you feel like that about my name, because actually I can't raise anything more exotic than Mary."

"Then I shall call you—let me see, yes, Madeleine. It doesn't matter that it isn't your real name; none of to-night seems real."

She smiled. "The only proper attitude towards life is never to be surprised at anything; certainly never to be surprised at anything in human nature. They're playing a tango, and there's no one on the floor. Can you, and shall we?"

"I can and we will."

Three hours later they were still drinking champagne and dancing when suddenly "Madeleine" looked at her small jewelled wrist-watch and exclaimed, "Good heavens! do you realise it's eleven o'clock?"

"My God, no! Positively break of dawn! Whatever will mother say?" he mocked.

"This is serious. I am due to get the eleven-thirty for Brussels with my husband. Quick! We must fly!"

"Must we? Must you go to-night? Couldn't you just miss the train and go in the morning?"

"Don't be silly! We've simply got to be in Brussels to-night. We've made all our arrangements. Besides, he will be waiting. He will be furious! For heaven's sake get the bill and let us get away quickly. I've got just half an hour to change my clothes and get to the station in!"

The hotel was only a few minutes along the *plage* from the Kursaal, and it was not worth while getting a taxi. They were back in the hotel in a few moments, and when she applied for her key the concierge informed her that "M'sieu Lane left ten minutes ago. He said he would look for Madame on the train. She knows the numbers of the reserved seats."

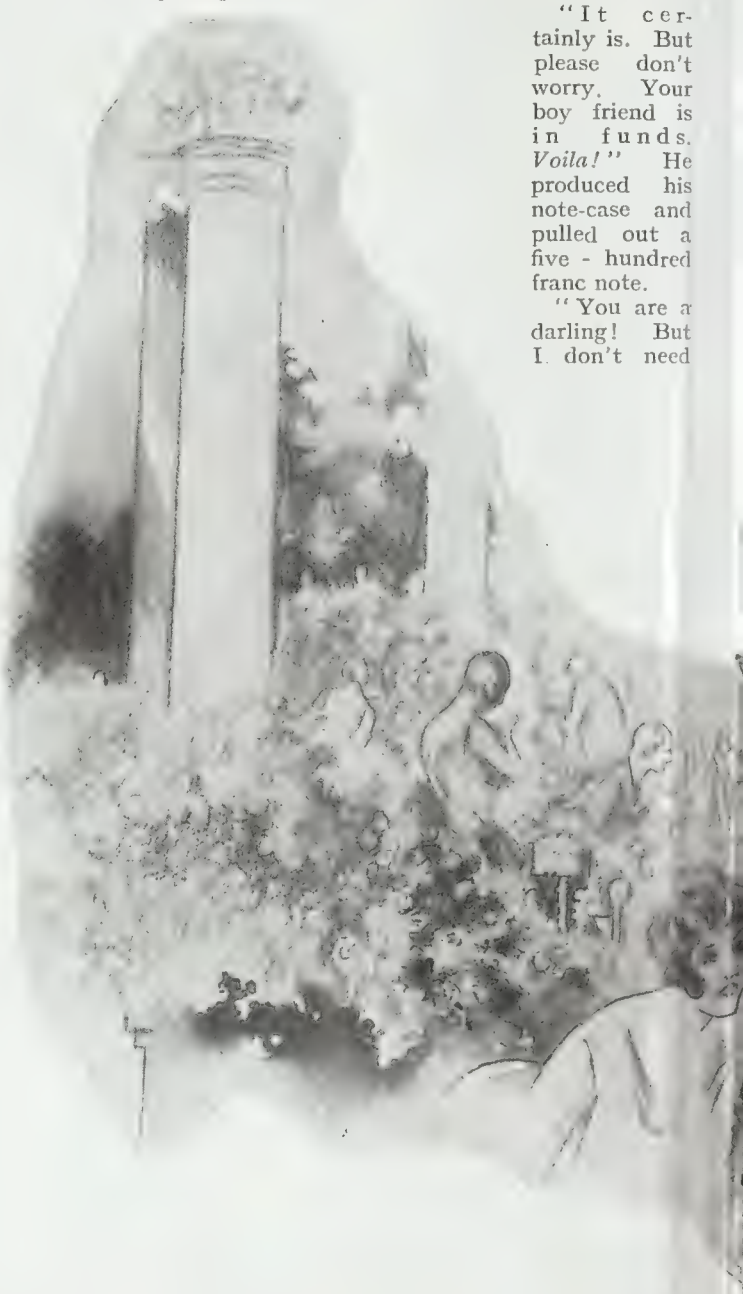
Madeleine turned to Victor. "Isn't he the limit? Such a mania for getting to the station half an hour before time. Or else it's his revenge for my dining with you."

"He certainly seems a very high-handed sort of husband," Victor said as he accompanied her to the lift. "He refuses to come when he's called, and he refuses to wait if you aren't on the spot on time, and yet you don't somehow suit the *rôle* of the downtrodden wife."

"Oh, please," she pleaded, "this isn't the time for being funny. Supposing you go and get a taxi whilst I'm changing; then I won't lose any time. Get the taxi, then wait for me here. I'll only be a few minutes. If he's gone with all the suit-cases I'll have to carry my evening dress and cloak over my arm."

She rushed over to the lift, and he dutifully went back to arrange about a taxi. It was a distressingly abrupt ending to what had been a very amusing night, and one which promised to be still more amusing, but he supposed he ought to be grateful for such a charming adventure, anyhow, without being greedy for its prolongation; that attitude really was a little ungrateful to a benevolent fate, when you came to think of it. . . .

Madeleine returned in about ten minutes in a very *chic* black suit and little close-fitting hat—and carrying her evening gown and cloak over her arm. "He is the limit," she said, as she came up to him, "He's gone off with the suit cases, and I haven't a franc—nothing to give the chambermaid or anything. It's too bad of him."



"It certainly is. But please don't worry. Your boy friend is in funds. *Voila!*" He produced his note-case and pulled out a five-hundred franc note.

"You are a darling! But I don't need anything like all that. A hundred francs is heaps. I've got my ticket, thank heaven."

He insisted. "You'd better take the five hundred—we may miss him at the station and you may need some money, you never know. You'd better take it in ones—here—better for tipping and so on. Don't bother about the chambermaid—I'll see her for you when I get back."

In the taxi she took his hand. "You are a darling, you know, Victor. I wish I hadn't to rush away like this."

"I shall be in Brussels on Monday—perhaps we could meet? I shall be at the Grand. You could ring me up."

"Yes." She leaned against his shoulder. "Nice person," she said.

"Sweet thing!" It was part of the incredibility of the adventure that he was actually holding her in his arms and kissing her.

"I can't let you go," he said, "it's ridiculous. There was too much fate in the way I found you for it all just to peter out like this. It would be altogether too ironic to be drawn into your life in the curious way I was, only to say good-bye to you on a railway platform a few hours later."

"Foolish boy! Life is like that. Didn't you know? Fate has a queer sense of humour."

"Damned queer," he said violently. "But it isn't going to be the end. You'll see."

She snuggled closer against his shoulder. "Kiss me again," she breathed. "We're nearly there."

He kissed her again, and felt that he knew what that fellow Marlow meant when he wrote, "Thy lips suck forth my soul," and what Middleton meant when he cried, "Give me my moments, you may keep your years." Only he wanted years, too . . . and already the taxi had drawn up at the station, and the blue-overalled porter was opening the door and clamouring for "baggage."

Victor pulled himself together, rallied his always rickety French, and explained excitedly, "Il n'y a pas de bagage. Le train pour Bruxelles—vitement."

The porter seized Madeleine's evening cloak and dress in lieu of baggage and they rushed along in his wake. It was eleven twenty-five.

"You'll just do it," Victor panted. "No time to find your right seat till you're on the train. Just have to pitch in anywhere. Don't forget to look me up at the Grand. Can't part like this—absurd."

The last he saw of her was her *chic* little figure at a window down of the corridor of the *rapide*. She blew him a kiss.

HE turned and walked out of the station like one in a dream. He had kept the taxi waiting, and when he got back into it her perfume, very subtle and delicate, filled it. It was out of the question that he should not see her again. . . . When miracles like this happened in one's life one had to follow them up. . . . That was perhaps rather a mixed metaphor, but then he was very exuberant, and had had rather a lot of that very potent White Star champagne with which the Kursaal likes to delight its patrons. . . . When he arrived back at the hotel and went to pay the taxi-driver, he found that his wallet, complete with ten thousand Belgian francs and fifty pounds in English notes, was no longer on his person.

In a panic he struck match after match searching the taxi, but the taxi yielded nothing. It was after he had lit about the sixth match that he discovered that his pearl dress studs were also gone, his very fine wafer evening watch, and the gold fob which was his one affectation.

Suddenly, irrelevantly, there flashed back into his mind something that the lovely lady had said, about never being surprised at anything in life or in human nature. . . . He

(Continued on page vi)

"As they crossed the hotel lounge, she suddenly stopped and laid her hand on his arm"

"A Flash into the Future"

By LADY ELEANOR SMITH

"High Treason" at the Pavilion, Marble Arch

To Great Britain must go the credit of having made the most original film since "Metropolis." "High Treason" as a play was a lamentable affair indeed, but "High Treason" as a talking film becomes, in spite of its many faults, a bold and striking attempt on the part of Maurice Elvey to capture the imagination by visualising the future of civilisation.

Scene from "To What Red Hell," first shown at the Plaza on Friday, September 13. Sybil Thorndike stars in this Talkie

London in 1940 is visualised in the Gaumont British sound and silent film. The picture shows in the foreground the European Peace Hall, and the new Charing Cross Viaduct, with the railway terminating south of the Thames

We are in 1940, and we are asked to suppose that the world is divided into two vast Powers, the United States of Europe and the Federated Atlantic States. Exactly what has caused this titanic and astonishing upheaval of the universe we are never told, to my mind a serious drawback, for the supposition that these things will have to come to pass in a brief eleven years is so unlikely that it merely becomes ludicrous. Since the War of 1914 twenty-five million people have joined a vast peace league organised by a pacifist and spell-binder named Dr. Seymour, whose pretty daughter Eve (why must these pretty daughters always intrude?) is his secretary and most enthusiastic supporter. Eve is engaged to Michael Deane, a young officer of the Air Force.

Hint of war between the two world Powers immediately estranges the lovers, for while one mobilises under orders from the War Office the other prepares to fight for peace in accordance with her father's ideals. The war materialises, accelerated by the bombing of the Channel Tunnel by Atlantic aircraft—a devastatingly effective scene this. Conscription has been in force for some time, and women as well as men are given the order to mobilise. Eve, the peacemaker, goes to the central aerodrome to incite the conscripted women to mutiny in an effort to prevent the air fleet leaving on a raiding expedition to the Atlantic States. Deane, incensed by the behaviour of his *fiancée*, gives orders for the first squadron to leave, whereupon Eve possesses herself of a bomb and announces that she will destroy men and machines if they attempt to obey his orders.

This young lady is, incidentally, never happy or content unless she is leaping upon soap-boxes, witching crowds with her maidenly oratory, and one can understand the discomfort and exasperation of her lover at her embarrassing conduct. However, while he is toying with the idea of shooting her, an interruption comes in the form of a message broadcast to the world.

The President of the European States is just about to address his subjects in a patriotic manner suitable to the occasion when he is informed that Dr. Seymour, of the Peace League, wishes to see him. The wily President, realising that a few encouraging words from the Doctor will probably imbue

twenty-five million reluctant warriors with the spirit of Mars, endeavours to persuade the old gentleman to broadcast an appeal to arms. The peace leader not unnaturally resents this suggestion, and fired by a passion of fanaticism he shoots the President dead, whereupon war is astonishingly averted and the Doctor is arrested, tried, and condemned to death. "I am content," says Seymour when the judge asks him if he has anything to say before sentence is passed; and content he is, for he feels that by the murder of one man he has prevented the murder of millions.

MR. ELVEY exhibits a fine imagination during the course of this interesting film, although one cannot help wishing that he had changed his epoch to 1980 instead of 1940. However, many of his prophecies ring true—his London of the future, a grim American city of towering skyscrapers, is only too likely, alas! to become a possibility. His young ladies wear plus-fours in the daytime and white satin knee-breeches at night. His men dance in white shirts and black knee-breeches—a most sensible idea—but inexplicably spend their days muffled in uncomfortable oilskin suits. Television has taken the place of telephoning, and newspapers appear to have been scrapped in favour of a maddening and unceasing public broadcasting. Mr. Elvey shows a world dominated and deafened by two factors—noise and speed, a world from which beauty and peace have departed for ever, ousted by a hideous, relentless efficiency and hustle. The portrait is a cramped one, but it is none the less depressing and horrible, because so much of it rings true.

THE dialogue of "High Treason" is extremely mediocre, which is unfortunate, for the film itself is of such interest that a special effort in this direction should have been made. Jameson Thomas and Benita Hume play the young lovers; both are competent, but no more, and Miss Hume is handicapped by disagreeable and irritating speeches. The tense scene between the European President and the peace leader does not quite produce the intended effect because neither actor possesses the tremendous personality necessary to his part. The photography is excellent, and I specially recommend the aerodrome scenes, in which the crowds are brilliantly directed and in which light and shade are skilfully and successfully blended, while the opening scenes of the picture are as effective as anything we have seen in London since "The Spy." With all its faults "High Treason" is a fine effort which cannot but strike a blow for the British film industry wherever it is shown.

"Broadway" at the Regal

"BROADWAY" comes to the screen with all the smooth, slick efficiency with which one has learned to associate this type of American film. It is an exciting, thrilling business, dealing with murderous bootleggers, revengeful dancers, innocent cabaret-girls—in short, with life, and death, in a modern Broadway "speakeasy."

HERE, however, we have an example of Hollywood ostentation at its most insane. This cabaret or speakeasy is presumably supposed to be a fairly humble and exceedingly dubious rat-hole; I say presumably because the chief cabaret dancers are for ever sighing to achieve fame in a really first-class establishment. Yet the director, Paul Fejos, has seen fit to erect in place of a night club a nightmarish palace about the size of Hyde Park, and of such appalling opulence that it must have represented to any dancer the dizziest pinnacle of cabaret supremacy.

FOR the rest "Broadway" is good. At times it is excellent, in spite of its Bowery dialect, which is occasionally difficult to follow. E. S.

George Barraud as Charles and Norma Shearer in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," at the Empire. George Barraud is a young Englishman who played with Sir Gerald du Maurier, and is making a big name for himself at Hollywood with the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

The hostess and her servants—all confederates—meet after the party to plan a robbery. Norma Shearer and George Barraud in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" at the Empire

PARIS GOSSIP

SNOBS, SLIMS AND SEPTEMBER SHOWS

By SYLVIA LYON

Illustrated by KIPPA

PARIS at this time of the year is filled with strangers who feel terribly Parisian because they are recognised smilingly by head-waiters.

"I always get good service here," the stranger says boastfully, a few thousand-franc notes having slipped between his fingers to those of several *maîtres d'hotel*. By the time the foreigner has acquired enough courage to scream that his melon is under- or over-ripe he thinks himself as much a man-about-Paris as Boni de Castellane, although Boni isn't about Paris much these days, as he is very ill, poor thing!

ANOTHER melancholy *snobisme* current in Paris is the boast, "I am sailing on the Bremen." This is said with the air of the French *collectionneur* who whispers, "I have a Picasso of the blue period," or, "I have found a Louis Quinze footstool."

And the next time I go to a dress collection and hear an American woman say, "They will have that model all over New York by the time I arrive," I shall faint dead away.

FEMININE brains, if any, will have to do a lot of quick-figuring during the next few weeks, because a New York Customs official started something when he announced that during the past few years returning Americans have overpaid some millions of dollars in duties; the wholesale, and not the retail, value on purchases abroad should be declared. Heretofore the purchaser has only asked for a receipted bill as evidence to show the Customs, but I can scarcely imagine a shopkeeper saying, "You paid one thousand francs for this bag, but it cost me one hundred and thirty-five wholesale."

A FRIEND who recently returned from Le Touquet overheard a very serious conversation between some Americans. One man said, "Now I will tell you why *I* like France. In America all the lumps of sugar are of one size. Over here you can fish around in the sugar-bowl and find any size lump you like."

"Whispers, 'I have a Picasso of the blue period'"

THERE is a nice little graft system going on at Deauville. Villa lots are being sold on the western beach-front (there *is* something new along The Western Front) and Helen Kelley, who married Frank Gould, divorced him, married the Albanian Prince Vlora, divorced him, and is now Mrs. Helen Kelley, is building a villa at Deauville. She drove down to see the house, which is nearing completion, and found to her horror that between her house and the blue sea a *tir-pigeon* had been set up on the beach to add to the gaiety of nations. The coming *tir-pigeon* season may be ever so *chic*, but nobody wants to hear one all day. Mrs. Kelley protested, but was told that it is quite within the Deauville law to allow any old pigeon-shooter to enjoy himself on the beach, as the beach is public property. But for two thousand francs the shooter folded up his trap and stole away, to set up in business again before the next villa builder.

"People can play at winter sports during the summer vacation"

THIS idea, I believe, was inaugurated on the Paris boulevards. Before each newly-opened café an essentially Parisian commodity was erected. The café proprietor protesting, a petty municipal officer, if encouraged to the sum of ten thousand francs, would order the edifice away. During its itinerant voyage throughout Paris a good-sized fortune has changed hands.

THE report that Chanel has sold her business is still going around,

(Continued on page 622)

SILVER TURBAN

Photography as a medium of art has made such rapid strides of late years that in beauty and charm of treatment it vies with the graceful compositions of the leading painters and sculptors. The above study by Dorothy Wilding is undoubtedly one of the gems of this year's International Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 620)

"Listening to the nervous breakdowns of friends who are in their own set"

and is untrue as ever. Her perfume, however, has been made into a stock company, in which she controls the largest interest, but the company is under the direction of Pierre Wertheimer, who owns the "Bourjois" *marque,* and Epinard, the horse I saw Pierre Wertheimer lunching at the Chatham Grill, amid the pink hydrangeas, and also Fannie Ward, all in lavender. Another day I saw Michael Arlen and his wife lunching at the Ritz, and, on still another, Maurice Chevalier, just returned from his film-making in America, lunching with his wife, Yvonne Vallée, at Armenonville. Chevalier's talkie, *The Innocents of Paris,* with French and English dialogue run in alternate shows, is just terrible to my mind. Chevalier remains the idol of the French public, and will shortly appear at the Empire Music Hall. André Rivollet has just brought out a book about Chevalier called "De Menilinomant au Casino de Paris." If Parisians do not stop writing books I don't know what will happen. At one time in Paris everybody painted, now everybody writes.

THE theatrical season is gradually opening. Most of the plays are *reprises* of last season's successes: Maurice Pagnol's *Marius* at the Théâtre de Paris; Gaby Morlay in Bernstein's *Mélo* at the Gymnase; Yves Mirande's *Le Trou dans le Mur* at the Michodière, temporarily without Victor Boucher, who is still *en tournée* in South America, but with Marguerite Pierry, the funniest actress on the French stage, as the amorous Aunt Artémise; at the Théâtre Antoine, André-Paul Antoine's *L'Ennemie,* with its original star, Madame Sylvie; and the most charming play of the whole year, *Jean de la Lune,* by Marcel Achard, at the Comédie des Champs Elysées.

ALL eyes, of course, are turned towards the opening of the Théâtre Pigalle, where the Guitrys will play in Sacha's *Histoire de France.* Sacha will play a double rôle, that of a Gaul and Napoleon III. Yvonne Printemps will be in the first tableau a Gauloise, and, later, Gabrielle d'Estrées. Other characters will be the Empress Eugénie, Catherine de Medicis, Molière, Foch, Talleyrand, Charles IX, Talma, Louis XI, Mazarin, Napoleon, Francis the First, Richelieu, Louis XIII, David the Painter, Thiers and Louis XVIII.

A film has been made of the rehearsal of the play, and will be shown at the *répétition générale,* and will be thereafter kept as a theatrical document.

THE best sign of autumn is the opening of Prunier's in the rue Duphot: R-R-R-R-oysters! The uptown branch, called Traktir, in the Avenue Victor Hugo, is more fun, for two reasons: one can sit at the bar and order hot dishes (while only cold things can be had at the Duphot bar), and the crowd is more interesting. This is where all the boys from the surrounding Legations come to luncheon.

ONE can reach the down-town Prunier's from the Ritz in a most lovely, cool, mysterious, wealthy sort of way: enter the left-hand door of the Equitable Bank in the rue Cambon, glance vaguely at the office register so that the doorman will think you are taking the lift to some broker's office, walk through a marble subterranean passage and come right out into the rue Duphot. All the South Americans in Paris use the Equitable if only to walk through the principal entrance and come out on the Boulevard de la Madeleine, where they find themselves opposite their club, the Cercle Paris Latin-Amérique.

NOW that I am being so financial I will inform you that a group of Parisian bankers are finding the money for a model sport centre upon the slopes of the Atlas Mountains in Morocco, so that people can play at winter sports during the summer vacation. Parisians are also subscribing to another project: the building of a luxurious sanatorium at Passy-en-Savoie, where they can go for rest-cures at any time of the year, and will be sure of listening to the nervous breakdowns of people who are in their own set.

FRANK, the Ritz barman, has become rich from tips given him by clients who are members of the New York Stock Exchange; Olivier, the *maître-d'hotel* of the Vendôme side, has been asked many, many times to write his memoirs, as all the great of the earth have passed through the Paris Ritz before his eyes, but so far he has refused.

S. L.

HAVE YOU HEARD THIS?

"WHAT are you standing over there throwing stones at that poor little boy for?"

"Because I daren't go any closer, miss. He's got the whooping-cough!"

* * *

WITH memories of past failures in our mind, we are forced to the conclusion that many a good golf shot has been spoiled by a passing thought of business.

* * *

"GIVE me a sentence containing 'sinew.'"

"Who was that lady I sinew with last night?"

"Come, come! I wasn't in-tendon you to make a pun!"

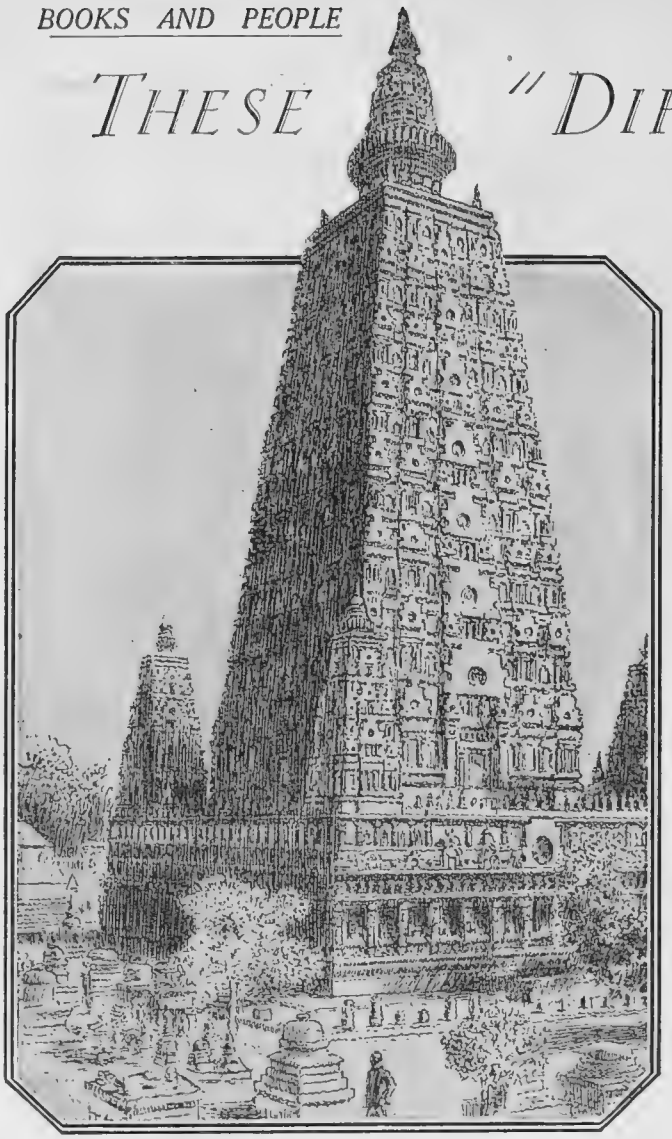
SOPHIE TUCKER TAKES TO TALKIES

Sophie Tucker needs no introduction, for whenever she pays one of her frequent visits to this country to appear in cabaret she is such a draw that she invariably plays to packed audiences. She has recently completed her first talkie, "Honky Tonk," a Warner Bros. production which started a fortnight's run at the Piccadilly Theatre on September 12, and in which she introduces several new numbers. Above are "Sophe Old Girl" herself, and the cabaret scene in which she sings her songs

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

THESE "DIFFICULT" WIVES

By RALPH STRAUS



The Temple of Budh Gaya. One of the line illustrations from the drawings of T. Raffles Davison in "Eastwards," by F. A. Hook. Published at 5s., the book, which the author describes as "the superficial observations of an occasional traveller," is one of great interest

So now we know! Marriage, after all, is to go on—for quite a long time. But with a difference. Wives, for instance, will not be asked to spare a husband, but they will no longer be so "difficult" as they are to-day, or perhaps I should say so "difficult" as most of our novelists seem to find them. Even husbands will improve. And no doubt there will be smart little divorce breakfasts with champagne, when two bright middle-aged things find that they have made a slight mistake. Such mistakes, however, will be rare, because by that time science will have played her part, and we shall all of us be properly educated in the "difficult" business of making love (and, of course, of being made love to), and women will not grow older quicker than men; and if men, the brutes, still show a tendency to remain suspiciously late at the office—well, their wives will also have offices of their own. . . .

❋

How do I know these things? Miss Vera Brittain is my informant, and her *Halcyon; or, The Future of Monogamy* (Kegan Paul: 2*s.* 6*d.*) is as amusingly provocative as any of the little volumes in the admirable "To-day and To-morrow" Series. A hundred and fifty years hence, it seems, all kinds of daring experiments will have been tried; and though some, like trial marriages, will have been a comparative failure, others, like the Domestic Advisory Courts, will have proved their value. Our wives will no longer be "well-groomed cows"—Miss Brittain's words, not mine—but free partners. We shall have lost our hypocritical "delicacy" and false shame, and our matrimonial affairs will not be food for scandal. We shall have sons or daughters as we please, and we shall go to prison if we dare to tell them fairy-tales about storks.

❋

All very charming, and I admire Miss Brittain's outspokenness; but I wonder how long we really shall have to wait for this triumphantly monogamous world? To the old fogies a hundred and fifty years would seem indecently short, but the younger generation of to-day might find it stupidly long. For myself, I am pitying the poor novelists of the future; for what will they do if there is no scandal, and everybody behaves in an entirely reasonable way? It may be that most of our soured spinsters will have gone, but—all of them? And our curious young men? No matter; here is Miss Brittain with many sound things to say, and I commend her little book in particular to all Elders and Betters.

❋

Meanwhile, wives do seem to be rather "difficult." You will find one of them in Mr. Hugh Walpole's new novel, *Hans Frost* (Macmillan: 7*s.* 6*d.*). Hans is not only a well-known novelist, but the Grand Old Man of British Letters. When he is seventy they give him a presentation. He is, in fact, the Most Enormous Swell. And his wife has done her best for him—in the way of providing domestic comfort and ease. She is "devoted" to him, which means that he is not allowed out of her sight. Assuredly a "good" wife—and the sort of wife from whom most men would give their souls to escape. And when a pretty niece comes to live in their house old Hans is not only fascinated, but also realises in what a ghastly prison his wife has enclosed him.

❋

Now, even the most understanding of wives might be forgiven for a little jealousy in such a case, even though her husband remains a perfectly proper and really nice old gentleman. Mrs. Frost, I admit, is in an annoying position. Yet it is more or less her own fault. She *did* want to be a great man's wife, and she did enjoy her possession of him; she ought never to have lied about the girl, and she only deserves what she gets. Hans politely consigns her to Hades, and goes off to live by himself.

❋

Not many writers would have dared to make their hero seventy years old. Not many writers could have presented him with such easy grace. Great or not, he is a dear old man, and his story, if simple, is beautifully told. This is not Mr. Walpole's most ambitious novel, but it is a delightfully unusual study of pleasantly understandable people.

❋

And talking of simple stories reminds me that Alec Waugh does not think that I overpraise him. "This is a simple story, told with a quiet sincerity which——" Thus far I wrote, a year ago, about his novel, *Nor Many Waters*, and stopped, and wracked my brains, and could not go on. There simply seemed to be no way of ending the sentence. And then, as luck would have it, while I was staring at the unfinished sentence the author himself arrived on the scene. I explained my difficulty, and he was charmingly sympathetic. Begged to be allowed to help. Suggested a slight emendation. The "simple sincerity," he thought, might well be omitted altogether. Instead, he proposed: "Probably the most brilliant novel of the century." I mentioned some small rodents, and with a hurt expression he disappeared.

❋

I continued to stare, and J. C. Squire appeared in his place. Once again I explained my difficulty. Once again help was proferred. Squire gazed for a moment at my papers, and looked dreamily about him. Then he slowly and magisterially completed the sentence. "This," he intoned, "is a

(*Continued on page 626*)

1 DR

Smooth to the lips
are the 'Ivory' tips

Still the coolest, the mildest, the mellowest of all cigarettes!

DE RESZKE

Virginias **10 for 6d.** ***—of course!***

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 624)

simple story told with a quiet sincerity which—bores us stiff." Delightfully forthright, but it would hardly do.

❋

WITH the new Waugh novel, *Three Score and Ten* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.*), I do not find myself in much difficulty, though once again I feel inclined to make use of both "simple" and "sincere." It is a study of fathers and sons forty years ago, twenty years ago, and to-day. Outside many things may change, but the old antagonisms which there must always be between one generation and the next cannot ever be completely hidden. There may be the deepest affection and understanding, but a little question of business, or, more often, a woman—in this case other "difficult" wives—will come to build up a barrier.

❋

AND so young Hilary Cardew cannot always appreciate his father's points of view in the 'nineties, but equally so the elderly Hilary Cardew cannot appreciate his son's points of view after the War. So, too, that son will have trouble with his own son in the days to come. And these Cardews are fairly typical folk. They may not marry too wisely, but they manage to get through life without much tragedy. Their story is simply and sympathetically told, and it is undeniably entertaining.

❋

BUT I have a serious criticism to make. The modern scenes are excellent, but the Victorian scenes are too similar to them. The older period is never really suggested, and there come irritating little mistakes. Who, for instance, played bridge or drank cocktails in the 'eighties? Who talked of people being "terribly" kind in the 'nineties? And which was the newspaper to fill itself with photographs of anybody in the public eye before the Boer War? There should, I feel, have been a more carefully prepared background to these earlier chapters. As it is, except for a change in the young people's ideas of enjoying themselves, time in these seventy years seems to have stood almost still.

R. S.

BOOKS RECEIVED

NOVELS

THE WISE CHILD. By L. E. Gielgud. (Chapman and Hall: 7s. 6d.)
PETRUCHIO. By G. B. Stern. (Chapman and Hall: 7s. 6d.)
SACRIFICE. By Owen Johnson. (Longmans: 7s. 6d.)
SILVER MAGIC. By Romer Wilson. (Cape: 7s. 6d.)
CUCKOO OATS. By Lady Benson. (Thornton Butterworth: 7s. 6d.)
THE REBELS. By Alfred Neumann. (Heinemann: 8s. 6d.)
APPLES AND QUINCES. By Catherine Dodd. (Jarrolds: 7s. 6d.)
DOCTOR DICK. By W. Riley. (Jenkins: 7s. 6d.)
SYNCOPATED LOVE. By W. J. Mahin. (Jarrolds: 7s. 6d.)
CLOUD BY DAY. By Pauline Stylls. (Jarrolds: 7s. 6d.)
THE TALE OF TWO LOVES. By F. Grierson. (Constable: 10s. 6d.)
MRS. MAY'S LATEST. By J. Le Breton. (Jenkins: 3s. 6d.)
HARRIET HUME. By Rebecca West. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)
NIGHT LIGHTS. By Max Pemberton. (Mills and Boon: 7s. 6d.)
THE PATHS OF THE PRUDENT. By T. S. Fletcher. (Jarrolds: 7s. 6d.)

MISCELLANEOUS

THE DUNKELGRAF MYSTERY. By O. V. Maeckel. (Hutchinson: 21s.)
I WILL BE GOOD. By Dion Clayton Calthrop. (Cassell: 10s. 6d.)
PRINCESS MARY. By Evelyn Graham. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)
FAMOUS CURSES. By Elliott O'Donell. (Skeffington: 18s.)
JUNGLE JOHN. By John Budden. (Longmans: 6s.)
THE RETURN OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By Hugh Kingsmill. (Harrap: 7s. 6d.)
GOD'S COUNTRY. By Ralph Barton. (Knopf: 10s. 6d.)
SHORT STORIES. By Ernest Bramah. (Harrap: 3s. 6d.)
SHORT STORIES. By Irving S. Cobb. (Harrap: 3s. 6d.)
LA DUCHESSE DU MAINE. By Francis Birrell. (Jarrolds: 8s. 6d.)
A BOOK ABOUT MYSELF. By T. Dreiser. (Constable: 10s.)

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

Thirty folk tales and fairy tales of the people of West Africa make up the book which has just been published by Blacks. Ajapa (as the natives of Nigeria call the tortoise) is so much the prominent person in these tales, we hear, that the book has been named *Ajapa, the Tortoise,* and it has been told by the author, Margaret I. Baumann, with the same simplicity of language as the natives use when relating the fables around the camp fire. Eight full-page illustrations in colour add to the desirability of the book as a book for girls and boys.

❋

Interludes of an Editor, by Sir Owen Seaman, should be most interesting. Since the publication of *Salvage* in 1908, Sir Owen Seaman has, with the exception of three little brochures of war-time verses, reprinted none of his light poetry which is regularly a feature of *Punch*. He has now gone over the entire output of *Punch* verses since that time, excluding anything of a purely topical nature, and this volume will be published by Constable on September 26.

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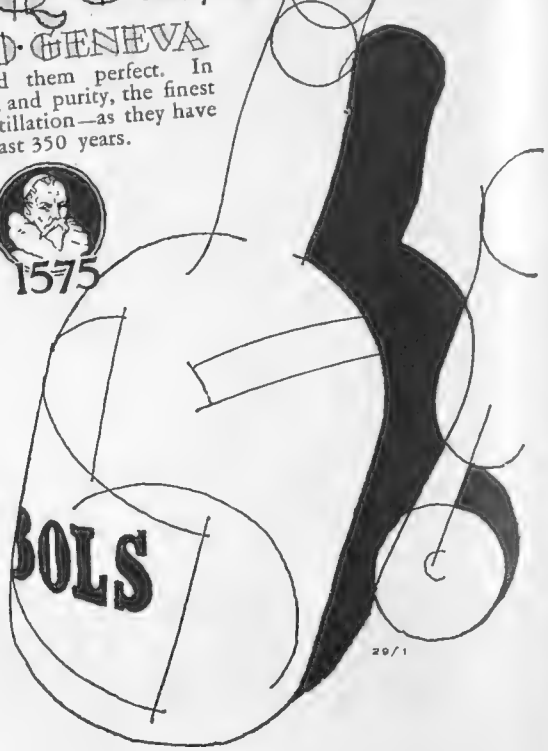

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"It was his business to hear their story"

His Journey's Beginning

By Hannen Swaffer

Illustrated by NORMAN KAY

Bob Sherriff, although his income is said to be £1,000 a week, is still living in the same house in Hampton Wick, from which a few months ago he used to set out every morning on a bicycle to visit on behalf of an insurance company people who had small claims to make.

If someone's carpet had been burned by cigarette ash it was his business to hear their story. If someone had met with an accident, he had to find out what sum would compensate them for their injuries.

He liked the human side of this, he told me. He did not have to call and worry people like a man in search of business. He called on them, almost with money in his hand, chatted with them and made friends.

It was in this sort of way that he developed, unconsciously, that knowledge of character out of which he has now made the most successful drama of our time.

Once when I lunched with him in the first flush of his extraordinary success there was also present an old friend of his who had known him in the Army and rowed with him for the Kingston Rowing Club.

Trevor Wignall, the sporting writer, who was among the party, knew him well, too. The great author, as the world now calls him, was simple enough. Even to-day he wants to use his money to complete his education and then become a schoolmaster.

Wignall told me how Bob was one of those men who had taken on rowing late in life—that is, for rowing—how oarsmanship was his dream. That was why the play which was to make history half across the world was really written for the Kingston Rowing Club, for whom Sherriff had written little comedies, so that the members could act in order to raise funds!

He left out the women because there were no women in the Kingston Rowing Club. It was thought of as stupidly as that, and written, most of it, in five-minute scraps of dialogue, each after a long walk alone, often at Selsey Bill, where he would seem to recapture some of the humours and the dramas of his harrowing experiences under fire.

Although it is all very well to hail *Journey's End* now as a work of genius, you must remember that it was only because of the urgent advice of George Bernard Shaw that the casting vote of the chairman of the Stage Society chose it for experimental production, and, even after that, Maurice Browne only produced it because Harold Monro, the poet, who had seen it on the Sunday night, called him up and urged him to do so.

After all, the production only cost £50; the highest paid member of the company, George Zucco, drew only £25 a week; and it was all so extraordinary that when the members of the company were given a bonus of 5 per cent. there were a lot of paragraphs in the papers about it, as though a millionaire were giving sovereigns away.

Journey's End will prove, with *All Quiet on the Western Front*, the greatest piece of anti-war propaganda that followed the Great War.

Yet it was not written as such. Sherriff, strangely enough, has no violent views against war. He thinks there will always be war, and that it brings out the best in people. He is a simple man who has just written something down.

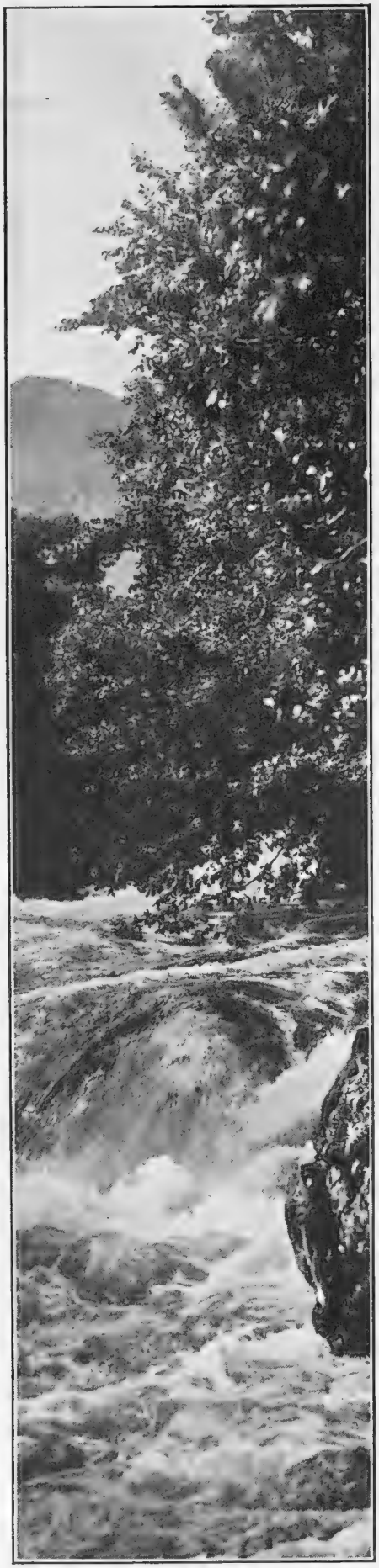
Yet I shall always remember that three men I know each lost a fortune when they refused to produce the play. One is a man who was knighted for his services to the stage! Another is a man who is always boasting and asking me to mention his name if I write about a play of which he is part manager. The third, who saw war himself, wanted to do it, but was opposed by his partner.

"There is no money in it," said his colleague, who had recently chosen three plays that lost many thousands!

Of course there was no money in it! There was no love story. There was no woman in a bedroom scene. There were no smart frocks. There were no cocktails. There were no Bright Young Things. There were no post-War inanities of the Blah-Blah school. *Journey's End* was just the plain, unvarnished truth. And who wanted the truth?

I agreed with much of this even when I saw it produced at the Savoy

"I am one of those whom tragedy hurts"



Sport and General

A glimpse of the Falls of Leny, near Callander, in the Perthshire highlands. Near by is the famous Pass of Leny

Theatre. I sent for the Press manager the next morning and said, "I urge you to do all you can for this play. I do not believe it will be a success unless you make people go. They ought to see it, but I don't believe they will want to. They ought to be nailed in their seats, especially all the people who cheer on war."

I hated seeing *Journey's End* myself, and, frankly, I cannot understand why people want to see it. Still, I am one of those whom tragedy hurts. When *Justice* was revived I walked out after the first act because I could not bear seeing the poor little clerk enervated by his doom. I loathed *Escape* because I knew the poor convict was going back to prison. The torture scene in *Tosca* always sickens me. I am glad I never saw *Hassan*, and to this day I remember with horror the torture chamber under the stage in *The Darling of the Gods*.

I believe there is a sadistic idea in the minds of many people to-day. They like to see suffering.

S

THIS is by the way, and in no sense critical of a work of art such as *Journey's End*, in which I remember no blemish. After all, the more truthful you make a picture of war, the more horrible it becomes.

Yet men who were in the front line, I believe, like to take their womenfolk to show them what they endured. Many women want to see what the men suffered so that they could be safe. Besides, it is ten years ago now, nearly time for another war, perhaps. . . .

Berlin's ex-soldiers, I am told, call it "pretty-pretty," and say that *All Quiet on the Western Front* is more truthful a picture. They miss the iron discipline of their own experience.

Then no foreigners can ever understand the English mind. I expect that when Waghorn came down after winning the Schneider Trophy he asked, "What won the 2.30?" or something like that.

America pours out from the theatres from which *Journey's End* expels crowds every night and says, "That is the English people. Nothing ruffles them. They even know how to die with a smile."

France will decide within a day or two, but I do not expect France will like it. There is none of your bloomin' heroism about it. No one shouts "Vive l'Angleterre!" or makes a patriotic speech about the Boer War, or wants to get his own back about the Crimea.

S

SHERRIFF went to Berlin to see his play produced, and, as I write, Stockholm is demanding him so that the King of Sweden can meet him on the opening night. He can go all over the world and be *fêted* everywhere, but, so far as I know, he has not yet made a speech at any public dinner, or lectured, or allowed himself to be made a lion.

Indeed, just after the first performance of *Journey's End* by the Stage Society he went to the annual dinner of the Kingston Rowing Club, where he made a speech toasting the new captain and talking only of the club, in writing for whose amateur performances he had unconsciously mastered his craft.

The captain in reply referred to his predecessor's "great play." He said how proud they were that a member of their club could write a play like that.

Sherriff sat there looking dazed and tearful. It was the first time he had heard anybody speak about his play. It came as a shock to him to find himself so famous among his fellow-oarsmen.

Anyway, he is the central figure in the greatest play romance of our time. He is a proof that, unknown to the boastful managers, there are undiscovered men in England who can write works of genius if only someone listens.

"I have just seen a great play that you will never see," said James Agate on the wireless. "No manager will dare to produce it, and if one does it won't run. If it runs a month I'll eat my hat."

When I saw James Agate the other night he was wearing a new topper, and he looked as red as though he had just eaten his old one. H. S.

A MAN weighing 563 lb. and a woman weighing 549 lb. were married recently. No one can suggest that *their* marriage is regarded as a light matter.

* * *

IF it were not for man's faith in fellow-man it would be quite easy for one to live within one's income.

* * *

BOTH Russia and China seemed determined on a war of self-defence.

* * *

OUTLAWS are a menace to society, but in-laws are worse.

"I'll eat my hat!"

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for removing cold cream, are exquisitely soft and wonderfully absorbent, yet they are of sufficient strength to retain their texture. As each tissue becomes soiled it is discarded. The attractive boxes in which they are packed form a fitting complement to the daintiness of the tissues.

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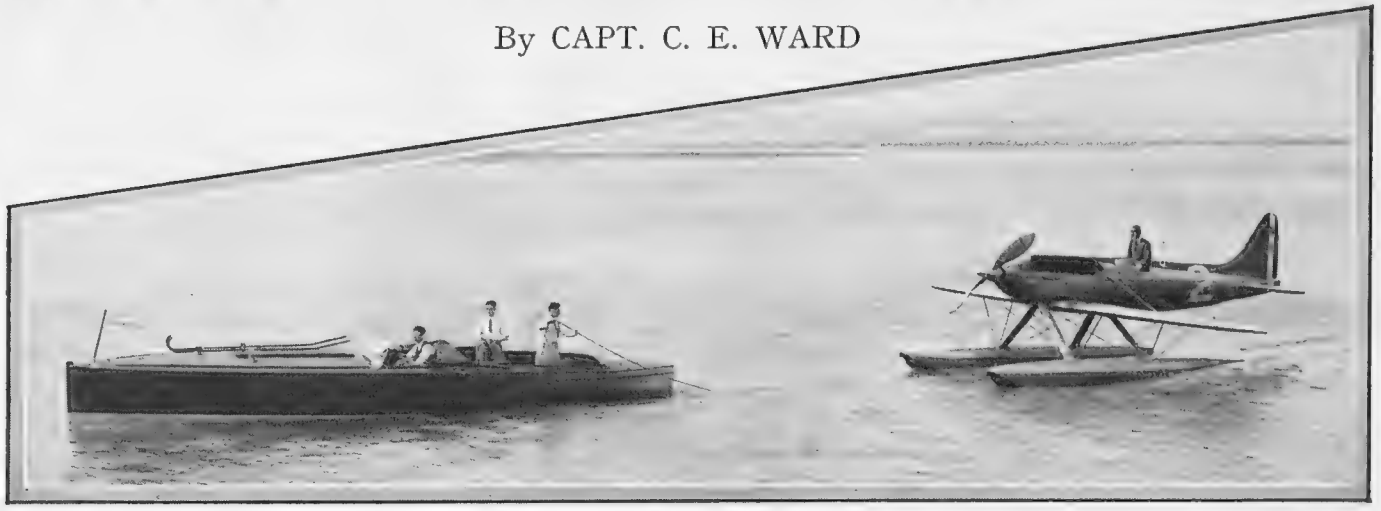
POND'S CLEANSING TISSUES SKIN FRESHENER

FLYING NOTES

RACING IMPROVES THE BREED

By CAPT. C. E. WARD



Central Press

The Rolls-Royce Supermarine S.6 in which Squadron Leader Orlebar won the air speed record for Britain being towed into Calshot. Squadron Leader Orlebar in his record-breaking flight last week attained a speed of 357.7 miles per hour

The Fastest Man in the World

ALTHOUGH hampered by poor visibility, Sq.-Ldr. Orlebar exceeded the previous world's record for the 3-kilometre course by 39 miles an hour last Thursday when flying the Supermarine Rolls-Royce S.6 at Calshot. The Italians are determined to avenge their defeat in the Trophy Race by attacking our record over their speed course on Lake Garda, and the only true comparison involves another flight by our pilots under better weather conditions, particularly as it is known that the S.6 is capable of much more than 357 miles an hour. In all probability, by the time these notes appear our figure will be somewhere nearer 375, and this is likely to stand until the next race, which should see the 400 mark exceeded on the straight. Fl.-Lt. Stainforth took the Gloster Napier over the tapes at an average of 336.3, showing that our second string was an equally good machine which may also be hotted up for another attempt. If Glosters had had their own way the machine would have been a biplane, and everyone hopes they will be given a free hand if we are challenged for the Trophy in two years' time.

Congratulations!

IT is impossible to pay tribute to all those responsible for our brilliant victory in the race for the Schneider Trophy, but to the pilots our congratulations are due for keeping such a magnificent course and raising the speed record for the distance by the great margin of 47 miles per hour. Flying-Officer Waghorn's speed of 328.63 miles per hour was only 2½ miles slower than his fastest lap. To a less experienced pilot than Flying-Officer Atcherley the loss of a pair of goggles might have meant disaster, and it was extremely bad luck for him that he should have forfeited second place at 325.5 miles an hour through failing to round a mark-buoy which he could not see at that speed without glasses. Flight-Lieut. D'Arcy Greig, flying the Supermarine Napier S.5, the winner at Venice in 1927, completed the course on the old machine half a mile faster than two years ago, which is a remarkable tribute to its engine and its design. He was beaten by two miles an hour by Warrant Officer Dal Molin, the Italian, flying one of their 1927 racers, which shows how narrowly we escaped defeat in the previous race. The genius of Mr. R. J. Mitchell, the designer of the Supermarine, and the brilliant effort of Rolls-Royce, Ltd., in producing the world's most powerful aero engine especially for the race, has demonstrated once again that this country still leads the world in both design and construction. The Italians, though working under great difficulties, made a sporting and plucky effort.

A Club for Leicestershire

THROUGH the efforts of the Chamber of Commerce and in particular those of its president, Mr. Lindsay Everard, and its secretary, Mr. Purt, a Light 'Plane Club was formed in Leicester some months ago, and an aerodrome has been established at Desford. A distinguished company was present last week, many of whom had flights in the all-metal Gipsy Moth with which the club has started. Lord Thomson, Secretary of State for Air, was present at the inaugural luncheon, and the chairman is Mr. R. C. Winn. As far back as May, 1925, Sir Sefton Brancker and Sir Alan Cobham visited the Leicester Chamber of Commerce, and the club is really a direct outcome of the efforts of the Aviation Committee formed after that meeting.

A photograph taken at the Leicester Aero Club, which was opened on September 14. The group shows Mr. Harry Purt, the Hon. Sec. of the Club (left), Mr. R. C. Winn, Chairman of the Committee, Mr. Lindsay Everard, M.P., the President, Mr. H. Hand, the Lord Mayor of Leicester, Lord Thomson, the Secretary of State for Air, and Flight-Commander Hedley Briggs in front of one of the Club's new 'planes, an all-metal Gipsy Moth

SCHNEIDER TROPHY

Great British Triumph

On September 7th, 1929, Flying-Officer Waghorn, flying a Supermarine Rolls-Royce S.6 Seaplane over a 350 Kilometres course averaged 328·63 miles per hour. This is the fastest speed ever attained by any aircraft of any nation.

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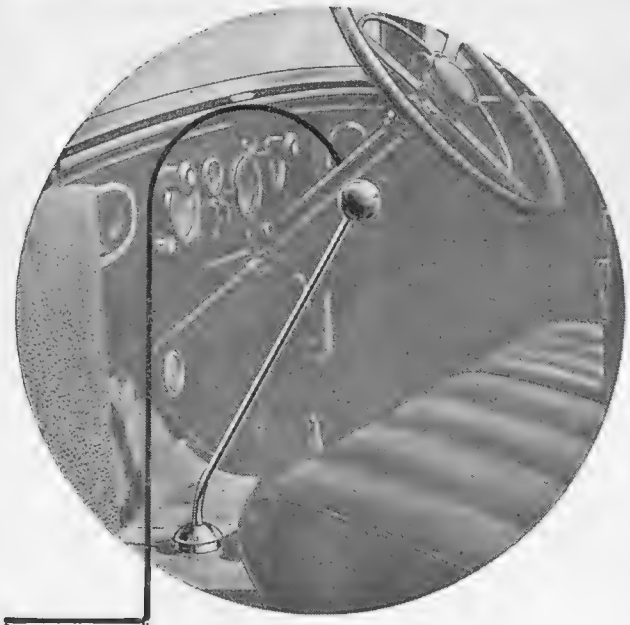

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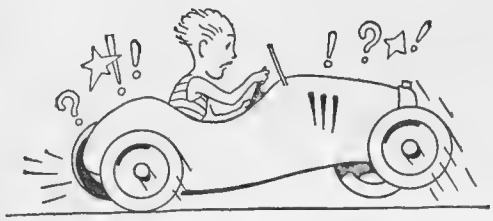
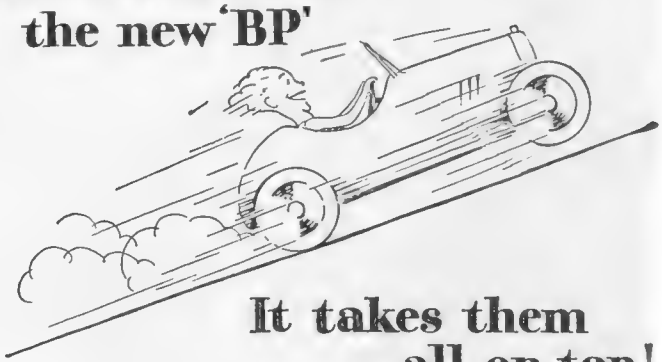


Mary had a little car

On hills it used to stop

But since she tried the new 'BP'



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MOTOR NOTES

WHERE ARE those FREE WHEELERS?

By
E. M. WRIGHT

Sir Henry Segrave and Captain J. S. Irving arriving at the Royal Horticultural Hall on the occasion of the announcement of the new Hillman 1930 programme. Captain Irving was the designer of the Golden Arrow in which Sir Henry Segrave established the world's land speed record

CONSIDERING the advantages of the free wheel clutch it is surprising that this device is not being more rapidly taken up. In brief, it may be defined as a device by which the car can overtake the engine and proceed exactly like a free-wheeling bicycle. This coasting is of itself a great advantage, considering how much running is done down hills. According to those who have kept figures, some 20 or 30 per cent. of the mileage of the average town car can be done in free wheel, and actual petrol economies attained by cars fitted with free wheel clutches run to an average of about 20 per cent. That is to say, a car which takes five gallons of petrol for a certain journey would, if equipped with a free clutch, do the same run on about four gallons—a very considerable economy. An economy of 25 per cent. is claimed by one maker who fits the free wheel as a standard extra.

* * *

THE second and, to the general public, by far the most important advantage of this device, is that it makes gear changing absurdly easy. The fact that with a free wheel gear, when you press the clutch pedal down in readiness to change gear, the gear box becomes an independent unit, released from the engine by the ordinary clutch and from the back wheels by the free-wheel clutch which is behind the gear box. Thus no judgment is needed to engage any of the gears—even reverse—as they are all disconnected from the rest of the car. The disadvantage, of course, is that one loses the braking effect of the engine on the overrun. For instance, when starting up in first gear after a traffic stop, if the car in front suddenly slows down, releasing one's foot from the accelerator pedal will in the ordinary way slow up our car sufficiently without use of the brakes; but with the free wheel the car will slide on by itself when the foot is taken off the accelerator pedal, and the brakes must always be made use of to slow it down, however slightly.

* * *

IN theory this means a very great deal more wear of the brakes, and at first a certain amount of danger, as there is the risk of overlooking the fact in a moment of absent-mindedness. In actual fact, however—I speak from experience of a Lea-Francis last year—one soon learns to adapt oneself to the new conditions. Unquestionably there is a great deal more braking called for, but it is not nearly as much as one would expect considering the circumstances. Of course, a *sine qua non* of any free wheel arrangement is that a device should be provided for putting it out of action when required, so that one could engage a low gear for the hills of Devon or Scotland. As a matter of fact, all the cars that have made any progress have this fitment. Some readers have questioned whether there would not be some snatch when, after a coast, one speeds up the engine

THIS WEEK'S HINT

NO. 22: MAPS AND MAP READING.

MAP-READING is a fascinating pursuit that doubles the enjoyment of road travel, and enables you (1) to make your way to favourite spots by secondary routes that entirely avoid the crowded main roads and (2) to find and explore those parts of the real country that still remain almost untouched by the spread of motoring.

You should standardise on two types of map, one for long distance journeys, the other for by-road exploration. In the former I have yet to find anything to beat Bartholomew's 10-mile-to-the-inch map of England and Wales, which may be obtained either in one sheet sectioned and mounted on canvas at 7s. 6d., and covering England and Wales and the south of Scotland, or in book form, covering the whole of Great Britain, at 3s. 6d. For by-roads the best map is the Ordnance Survey "half-inch" (i.e., 2 miles to the inch) layer colouring. This gives every feature of the landscape and is, of course, meticulously accurate.

Sedgwick

A Hooper enclosed cabriolet on a 40/50 h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis which was supplied to H.H. Principe Andrea Boncompagni Ludovisi The car is painted grey and black and upholstered in fawn calfskin

MOTOR NOTES (continued)

so that it overtakes the car and begins to pull again. In practice there is not.

***

ONE would not ordinarily associate the name of Humber with sheer value for money in the sense of cheapness, yet their 20-65 h.p. six-cylinder model is available at a price that really competes with those of any car of similar size or class, whatever its nationality. The saloon, for instance, which I tried last week, costs but £750 complete, which is something like 25 per cent. lower than one used to pay for the larger four-cylinder models of this make a few years ago. There are five-seater saloons of over 20 h.p. that are cheaper, but not of Humber quality or finish—or anything approaching it. Therefore at the price this car may well claim to offer exceptional value for money. The performance is surprising. An honest 60 m.p.h. is easily within its powers—and this without fuss or bother. But its most delightful feature is the sense of power and liveliness in the engine; for though the car is by no means a lightweight, the engine handles it like a two-year-old, and on top gear the performance is nothing short of astonishing. This engine liveliness in conjunction with the dignified "carriage" of the car itself, and the feeling of solidity and safety on the road, make it unique amongst cars of its type.

***

THERE have been some changes in the Standard arrangements for London during the past year. The former sales depot at 49, Pall Mall has gone, sales having been transferred to Car Mart, Ltd., Balderton Street, W.1. In charge of the service depot, however, is still Mr. S. R. Birt, in whose capable hands this place has grown in proportion to the sales of the car itself—and that is saying something. Speaking as a former Standard owner who has had occasion to visit Lupus Street myself, Mr. Birt's organisation for dealing with the hundred-and-one matters that come before a service manager seems well-nigh perfect. Considering how much service means in keeping owners satisfied and making them "come again" when they want a new car, with the certain knowledge that their requirements will be fully cared for, I metaphorically take off my hat to the staff of this very conveniently placed depot.

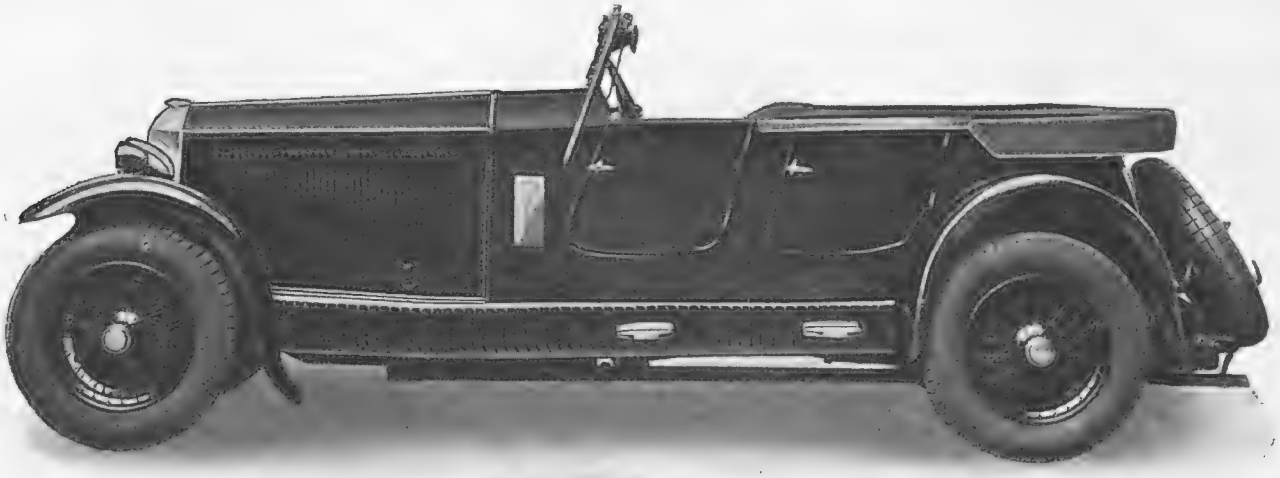
***

By F. I. W. Stewart

They say that it is a wise child who knows his own father. Mr. F. I. W. Stewart, of Caius College, Cambridge, must be included in that category, for the above clever, if a little unkind, caricature portrays his father, Mr. W. Leonard Stewart, who is head of the famous firm of Lancia (England), Ltd.

MR. W. LEONARD STEWART, the subject of our cartoon this week, has been connected with Lancia cars ever since they were introduced into this country. For several years his showrooms in Albemarle Street, under the name of W. L. Stewart and Co., were the headquarters of this make in the British Isles. During the War they were used to a great extent for the mobile guns and searchlights. Mr. Stewart afterwards joined the Curtis Automobile Co., but has lately severed his connection with that firm, and has opened large works at Alperton, and showrooms in Pall Mall, under the name of Lancia (England) and Co. Mr. Stewart is a well-known figure at Maidenhead, where he spends his week-ends on his motor boat, Marlena II. He is an accomplished linguist, speaking French, Italian and German fluently. Mr. F. I. W. Stewart, his second son, by whom the cartoon was drawn, is in his third year at Caius College, Cambridge. He draws regularly for *The Granta*.

E. M. W.



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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

A New 40-50 h.p.

ROLLS-ROYCE

"PHANTOM II"

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The R.A.C. rating is 43·3 h.p. and the annual tax is £44.

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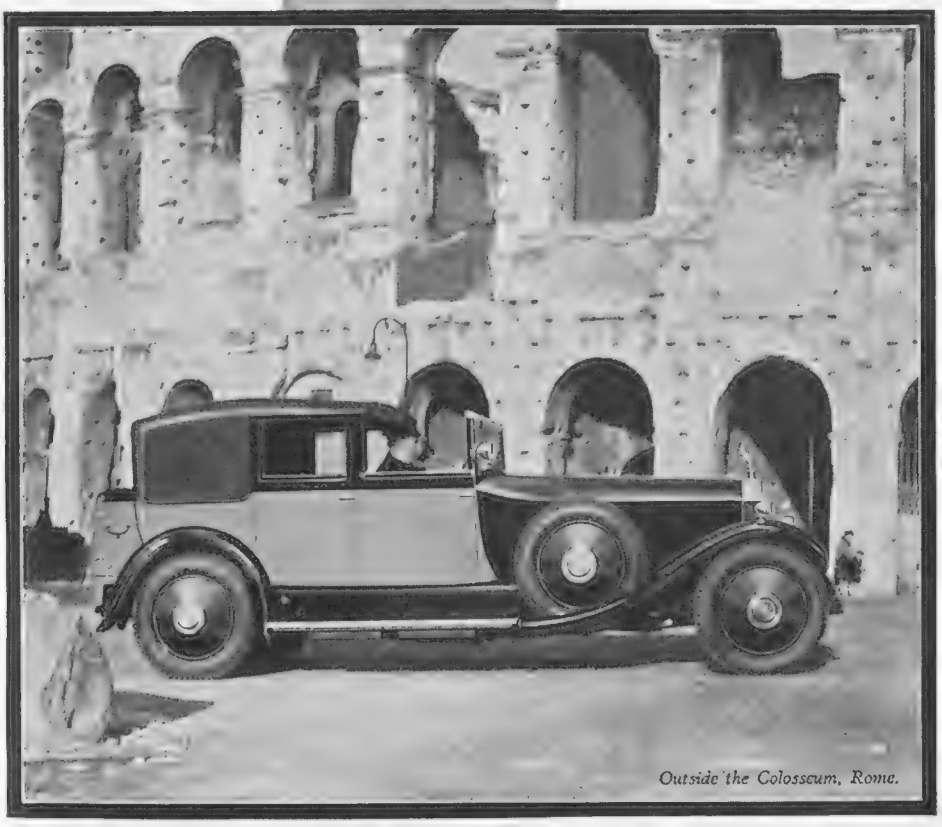

Outside the Colosseum, Rome.

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DRIVING versus WALKING UP

By "CLODHOPPER"

E. W. Tattersall

SHOOTING GROUSE OVER DOGS

A September scene on moors of the Isle of Arran

PARTRIDGE shooting, in common with other branches of field sport and pastimes, moves and varies with the exigency of the times. The old method of shooting partridges over pointers and setters, in high stubble, roots, and other holding covert, died a natural death when the sickle was relegated to make way for the time-and-labour-saving horse-drawn, mechanised reaper; which, to use the expression of an octogenarian sportsman of my acquaintance, "cropped a stubble as short as the hair on a convict's head."

THE old-fashioned style of "dogging" was obsolete long before the majority of living sportsmen were even dreamed of. I am inclined to think that some of us whose knowledge of shooting over fast and well-trained gun-dogs has been acquired on the Scottish or Irish moors during the very brief grouse shooting season are rather too apt to sneer at what we are pleased to call "the deadly slow and pot-hunting methods of our grandsires." But I wonder how many of us could display such marvellous staying powers and prowess as did the hard walking—and hard living—*devotees* of the flint-lock and the detonator of the early 'thirties and the 'fifties, including such famous old-time game shots as Mr. Coke, of Holkham, Sir Richard Sutton, Mr. Crawford, and Mr. Osbaldeston?

THE modern and improved conditions of agriculture throughout the country are mainly responsible for the very generally preached system of driving partridges to the guns instead of walking up the birds in line. The modern "self-binder and reaper" performs its work so thoroughly that the stubbles scarcely provide sufficient cover for a sparrow; while the mere appearance of a man with a gun on the "headland" of a stubble field during early September is sufficient to set every individual partridge thereon scurrying away to the nearest available patch of ground cover. Still, there is many a keen sportsman who is content to shoot a modest bag of partridges on the First of September—and for that matter until the birds have become too wild and cunning to approach—by plodding quietly across the stubbles and backwards and forwards through rough grass and clover, turnips and mangolds. Indeed, on shootings which do not lend themselves to driving, especially small "rough shoots," walking up is the only way, and many an enjoyable day's sport have I spent in this manner, both on the East Coast marshes and in various parts of the Midlands.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

CLASSIFY YOUR PARTRIDGES.

THE profitable management of a stock of partridges depends amongst other things on knowing the proportion of old and young birds at the end of the season, this being the breeding stock for next year. Young pairs are content to breed in close proximity, old are jealous and drive away the matrimonially inclined young, no doubt to furnish a neighbour's more closely shot ground. Estimates to be reliable must begin early. The number of coveys and their average size must be added to the barren pairs, the total giving the number of old and young when shooting commences. Observation, guided by the number of nests and hatching results, supplies figures far more valuable than guesswork. When bags come to be entered the partridge contributions must show the number of old and young which pass out of stock. Losses have to be assumed as in the same proportion. A season like the present may start with four young birds to one old. If it closes with a minimum of three young pairs to one old pair, the foundations will be well laid for exploiting whatever favours the next breeding season may vouchsafe. In the late afternoon, especially after rain, a stroll, notebook in hand, will enable you to compile some interesting statistics from chosen typical areas.

ON the majority of large estates and extensive syndicate shootings (not a few of the best partridge manors and covert shootings in the kingdom are now leased by syndicates), however, driving is *de rigueur*, and the time-honoured "First" has become something of a myth. Briefly, not a shot will be fired at the birds until next month, when they will have developed plenty of wing-power, and will, therefore, afford far better sport than would be the case earlier in the season. Apart from the fact that heavier bags are almost invariably made by means of driving than by walking up, far more difficult and more sporting shooting is provided by the former method; in fact, it requires a much quicker and better shot to bring down driven birds, flying at many different heights and angles than one who is accustomed to shoot game rising from almost under his feet. Another advantage to driving is that a greater number of guns can take part in the shooting than are *generally* seen walking up game.

FROM Lincolnshire and many of the cultivated districts of East Anglia very favourable reports continue to reach me anent the partridge shooting prospects, and taken on the whole it looks as though the season of 1929-30, if not a "bumper" one, will be rather better than the average.

ONE of the best bags of Scottish grouse which has come under my notice for some time was made on Cawdor Moor by Mr. Chubb, the lessee, and seven other guns recently. Seven hundred and six head of grouse and 600 hares were killed during one day's shooting. On Sandside Moor, Caithness, Mr. Pilkington and two other guns accounted for 106½ brace of grouse.

ON HORSEBACK THROUGH THE ROCKIES

Trail riding is a hobby which is taken seriously in Canada, and in the summer months the Trail Riders of the Rockies Society, which numbers over a thousand members, organises official trail rides. A party is seen winding its way through the thick woods that cover the lower slopes of Canada's great range of mountains

H. Armstrong Roberts

The "BYSTANDER" EVERYWHERE

"WE ARE SEVEN"

Some small inhabitants of the Keeling Cocos Islands, in the South Indian Ocean, keeping abreast of the times To judge by their appreciative grins, humour can know no boundaries

IN FINE FEATHER

Red Indian chiefs hold a powwow to discuss the features of the BYSTANDER *The new arrival seems to have put them in high feather!*

SNOW, BUT NO "FROST"

The BYSTANDER *is accorded a warm reception in the snowy mountains of British Columbia near the Alaskan frontier*

"ELEVENSES"

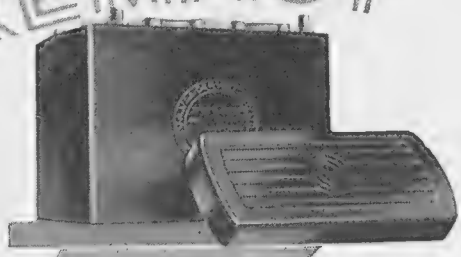
A house-boy at Fort Ternan, in Kenya Colony, enjoying a brief respite from household duties The BYSTANDER *is found wherever British people foregather on the Dark Continent*

IN VENICE

A young Venetian spends a few pleasant moments with a newly arrived BYSTANDER. *The fact that she is standing by the Bridge of Sighs is not, however, symbolic!*

The Editor is always glad to receive photographs of BYSTANDER readers in "furrin' parts." In proof of which, he will pay £1 1s. for every photograph of interest published showing a reader of the BYSTANDER

SUPREMACY



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AN AUTUMN CRUISE

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Twin-screw machinery of the highest class, and a full complement of auxiliary machinery for electric light, refrigeration, and all other domestic purposes. Marconi installation for sending and receiving radiograms up to approximately 5,000 miles.
The whole vessel is panelled in antique oak, and is beautifully furnished and appointed principally with genuine antiques. There are "Magicoal" electric fires, electric radiators, and the latest forced ventilation, introducing fresh air into all the living accommodation.
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Warwick Wright Says

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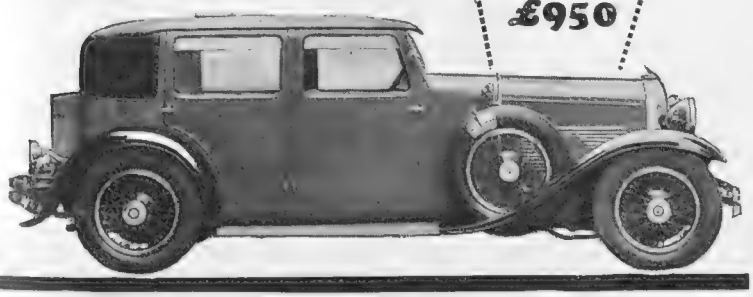

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You will find it hard to credit so perfect a resemblance until you see and handle a Ciro necklet. Then you will utter a little cry at its glimmering loveliness, and marvel that at so slight a cost you can buy all that beauty to set off your own.

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DUBLIN: Switzers. BRISTOL: J. F. Taylor, Ltd. PARIS: 20 Rue de la Paix.

Fashions Fancies

THE STATELY CHARM OF BRIDAL SATIN

This lovely wedding dress of parchment-tinted satin, embroidered with pearls and crystal beads, has a handsome tassel falling from the tightly swathed hip band. It has been designed and carried out in the salons of Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, who also sponsor the bridesmaid's quaint frock of Wedgwood blue Duchesse satin, lightened by borders of net

MODERNISTIC DESIGNS IN JEWELLERY AND FABRICS

Double Ear-rings of Pearls

MUCH of the jewellery of to-day has been inspired by backless evening dresses. Choker necklaces continue to be important, but they now boast a pendant in front and long ends at the back. Moonstones, set in platinum or white gold, are often used with excellent effect. From a choker of oval moonstones, intersected by long fancy links, fell two pear-shaped pendants, with matching ear-rings, and at the back hung a panel of the stones, set between two chains. Lapis lazuli is also regarded with favour, especially for bracelets and shoulder brooches, but in its newest guise it is patterned with small raised designs in contrasting hues. Then there are black and white pearls, which are allied with exquisite results. Miss Gloria Swanson in her first Talkie, which is called "The Trespasser," wears a pair of wonderful ear-rings which will probably create a new fashion. They are double studs, a huge white pearl resting, in the ordinary way, on the lobe of the ear, with a black one behind it! Ropes of clustered black and white seed pearls are beautiful, especially when finished with a tassel swinging from a large round onyx bead.

Boldly Decorated Sports Clothes

THE geometrical cutting of the stones which are employed for modern jewellery has its counterpart in the bold designs which ornament the new sports clothes, and the intricate seams and inlets which are so pronounced a feature of those for more formal occasions. Illustrated at the foot of this page is a suit and jumper typical of those which will be worn during the coming months. Stockinette woven to look like tweed is used for the three-piece, the plain beige jumper having an *appliquéd* pattern in red and royal blue *crêpe de Chine*. This is also used for the collar and the cuffs of the coat, the attractive skirt being slightly flared. It costs 8 guineas at Woolland Bros., of Knightsbridge, where the natural coloured wool jumper is available for 49*s*. 6*d*. This has interwoven bands, such as black, grey, and white, or beige, caramel, and rust, at the hem.

Hats Like Gloves

HATS made of very fine felt or antelope which fit the head as smoothly as a well-cut glove covers the hand are winning the highest millinery honours this autumn. The model sketched at the foot of the group on this page is of this character. Made by Marie Alphonsine, of a specially woven fabric, reminiscent of a satin-faced cloth, it is cut all in one piece and is moulded to the head by manifold seams, the soft folds which form the brim being arranged to suit the wearer. It costs 8 guineas, and is sojourning at the

On the left is a becoming hat of soft black velour from the Army and Navy Stores. In the circle is depicted a pull-on of stitched velvet, while below it is one of the latest arrivals from Paris

Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, where it can be copied for 65*s*. 9*d*. It must, however, be borne in mind that a large selection of very attractive inexpensive hats may also be found there. For instance, the small stitched velvet pull-on in the circle, which would be a very useful acquisition, may be procured in black, navy, beige, and brown, for only 18*s*. 11*d*., while the black velour hat, which completes the trio, is priced at 29*s*. 6*d*.

This season we are to wear gay woollies which exploit striking colour schemes and geometrical decorations. The jumper and the three-piece suit above were sketched at Woolland's

Sketches by Beta

Correct Foundation Garments

THAT there is a drastic change in the silhouette is a fact which is by now amply confirmed, and it therefore behoves every woman to pay strict attention to her foundation garments, for they are more important than ever. Slenderness is valued beyond everything, the Princess lines of the new gowns moulding the figure to below the hips, which are accented by fitting yokes or tightly swathed sashes. At a display of the models created by the British Gossard Co. low-backed solitaires, many of them having clearly defined waist lines, to accord with the autumn and winter ensembles, were much in evidence. Satin, crêpe de Chine, milanese, and rayon fabrics have superseded the heavier materials of days gone by, the secret of their success and durability lying in the cutting out. It is interesting to know that every Gossard garment is cut by hand. This display triumphantly demonstrated that it is possible to fashion foundation garments which will gently mould any type of figure into beautiful lines.

Film Dulls Teeth

It is a constant danger

DENTAL science knows what robs teeth of brilliant whiteness—it is film. Film, too—it is said by many authorities—invites decay.

Film forms constantly on teeth and clings so stubbornly that ordinary ways fail to remove it successfully. To do that a tooth paste called Pepsodent has been compounded under high dental supervision.

You can feel film with your tongue—a slippery, viscous coating. It clings to teeth and gets into crevices and stays. Film hardens into tartar. It must be regularly removed.

To remove film, dentists prescribe the special film-removing tooth paste called Pepsodent. It acts to curdle film so that brushing easily removes it in gentle safety to enamel.

In a few days teeth grow whiter and begin to sparkle. They continue to improve for months. Test Pepsodent. Get a tube . . . . NOW!

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C.F.H. 345

WANTED IN ROOM 13 *(continued from page 667)*

found himself wondering whether there had been any kind of cynical symbolic significance in that he had been wanted in Room *13*.

The woman, who on this occasion called herself Lane, did not meet anyone aboard the Brussels train, and she did not go on to Brussels. She dropped off at Ghent, and made her way on foot to a very unpretentious little hostelry in a side street not far from the station, whither the man, who for this occasion called himself Lane, had arrived several hours ago, having gone by an earlier train.

In a tiny, sordid back bedroom she recounted the story of that night's work.

HER companion counted the contents of the wallet carefully and then grunted. "A neat enough job," he remarked, "but you take too long on it, my girl. Your technique's too elaborate. All that business of having the wrong name called and having him up to your room—just as easy to get off with him in the lounge, isn't it? He'd take you to dinner all right, and the rest's easy."

The girl tossed the *chic* little black hat impatiently on to the bed. "Oh, you make me tired," she said curtly. "It's your technique that's clumsy, not mine. What would have been the good of vamping him till I'd had a good look at him and seen whether he was worth my time? I had him up to the room so that I could have a good look at him—took him all in, then, I did, from pearl studs to gold fob, and boyish trustfulness—knew I'd only got to make him feel sorry for me as beautiful young wife of bullying, unappreciative husband to have him eating out of my hand. If I'd been brazen and just 'got off' with him in the lounge I'd have been a flop—you don't know anything about psychology. Housebreaking ought to be your job, not water-tight international crook stuff. Had to have a water-tight excuse for rushing off on the eleven-thirty, didn't I? And for borrowing some money—just so's I could get a look at his wallet—the blighter went and paid the Kursaal bill out of some loose stuff in his pocket. If I hadn't played the *rôle* of the wife of an inconsiderate husband it would have looked funny my rushing off at eleven-thirty. As it was, the story fitted together beautifully—a husband who won't come when he's sent for by his wife, and who is seen sitting with another woman when he says he's engaged, is just the sort that would go off to catch a train and leave his wife to follow as best she can. The trouble with you is that you don't recognise a neat job when you see one."

"All right, all right; don't get excited. I don't care how you work your jobs so long as you bring 'em off all right. But we'll have to drop this wanted in room whatever it is trick for a bit. Funny they happened to give us Room 13 at that place, wasn't it?"

THE girl yawned. "I guess that's much about what the boy-friend is thinking right now." She yawned again. "Oh, Lordy, I'm tired. . . . Funny thing, Fate, altogether, because as a matter of fact I very nearly missed the train simply because he had blue eyes and tangoed divinely. He was a nice boy. . . . It's a pity one has to combine business with pleasure. It's apt to spoil them both. For heaven's sake give me a drink of water. I've a thirst like a fish after all that champagne."

He poured her a glass of water from a cracked *carafe* and handed it to her. She looked very young and childish sitting there on the edge of the ramshackle bed with the lamplight on her.

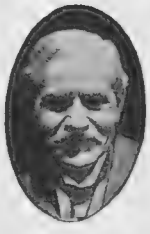
She took a sip of the water and smiled at the man, a little twisted smile that was just a thought wistful. "The boy said he knew a better toast than mine for later in the evening. The one he gave me with the champagne was 'Here's love,' but I gave him a silent one. An old favourite—'Here's to it and to it; when you get to it, do it.' Poor boy! I robbed him of more than his money and his jewellery, I'm afraid."

"Why, what else was there?" She heard the greed in the man's voice.

"Oh, something you wouldn't understand, Brighteyes. Beauty, romance, illusion."

The man didn't answer. He was holding the pearl studs up to the lamplight appreciatively. The girl, taking off her jacket, noticed that the gardenias she had transferred to it from her evening dress were hopelessly bruised and crushed. She sighed.

E. M



The Rt. Hon. J. Ramsay MacDonald

THE PRIME MINISTER

describes his visit to

"The ISLAND of ROMANCE"

in The Sphere

Rambling in the jungle, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald discovered The Ceylon of his dreams. "Nurtured in the Peradeniya gardens," he writes, "I found the spices, and I buried my face in them. They were like incense of romance, the scents of the cargoes of nutmegs and cloves, cinnamon and camphor that now sail on no seas. In the clearings, I saw the ruins of temples, palaces, and the great cities reputed to have been as populous in their time as London now is."

Anuradhapura B.C. 500

READ THE PREMIER'S INTIMATE IMPRESSIONS OF

The Ruined Glories of the Ancient Ceylonese Empire.

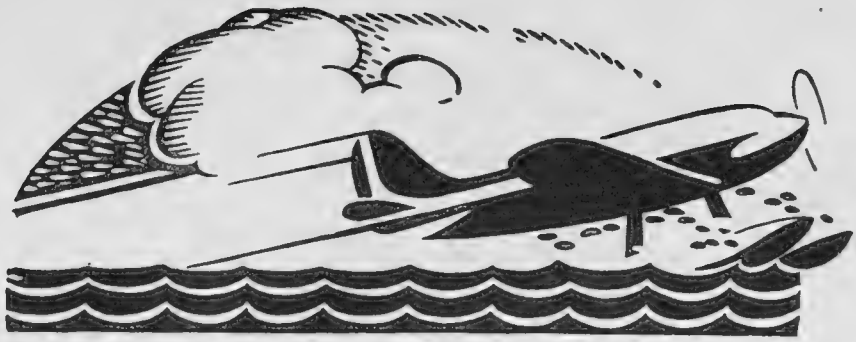
The miraculous Bo-tree.

The soul-stirring pilgrimage to Buddha's Tooth at Kandy.

RECORDED IN A BRILLIANT SERIES OF WORD-PICTURES

commencing on September 14

The Sphere



Britain again wins the Schneider Trophy ON

Won by
Flying-Officer H. R. D. Waghorn
at a speed of 328.63 m. p. h.

Pratts
ETHYL

McC. 202A.

DOGS

GOOD NEWS FOR GUNNERS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

(Next Sunday brings the opening of our second National Dog Week. Headquarters address, 37, Temple Chambers, E.C.4.)

SHOOTING men in particular (shooting women are almost as numerous to-day) and, in general, the ever-growing army of lovers of our beautiful Gun-dogs, will note with interest that the first meeting for the 1929 Field Trials for Retrievers will be held, by permission of Colonel Langdale, at Houghton Hall, near Market Weighton, Yorks, on November 7 and 8. At this meeting the Open Stake will be run, the Judges being the Rev. R. F. Allgood, Colonel M. L. Bell, and Mr. W. M. McCall. The Puppy Stake will be run at the second meeting, to be held, by permission of Mr. F. N. Pickett, at Quarrendon Farm, near Amersham, Bucks, on November 26 and 27. The Special Prizes, apart from the Kennel Club Challenge Cups, include the Lonsdale Challenge Trophy and the Quintin Dick Memorial Trophy. These Field Trials are more than interesting; they are fascinating in their illustration of the perfect work of which our British Gun-dogs are capable; the delicacy of mouth and scent, the refinement of self-control and discipline which, thanks largely to the Kennel Club's excellent Field Trial organisation, have given them their world-wide fame.

IN this connection, be it noted, shooting people and lovers of Gun-dogs of every breed will be delighted with Mr. Charles E. A. Alington's new book, "Field Trials and Judging," the best-informed and most interesting work of the kind yet produced, and an invaluable guide to enjoyment of the Field Trials, and real understanding of Gun-dogs. The popularity of these breeds, especially, perhaps, the Cockers, Setters and Golden Retrievers, among folk who don't shoot is due not only to their appealing beauty of line and colouring, but to the sagacity and self-control which have now been bred into their very nerves and muscles.

Topical

Miss Mary Waddington, of Keighley, with her three Afghan Hounds. She is leading them from the judging ring at the Shipton Dog Show

ANOTHER new Dog book which every admirer of Hounds should secure for his, or her, kennel shelves is the "1928-29 Year Book of the Irish Wolfhound Club" (Hon. Sec., A. P. Strohmenger, Esq., 15, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1). To eye and hand an elegant volume; it is compact, of interesting information about the stateliest and most graceful of Hounds which, incidentally, are easily the tallest in the world. So notable has been their development during the past few decades that there are now numbers of Irish Wolfhounds that stand 35, and even 36, inches at the shoulder. The old Romans were good judges, and they were so struck by the quality of the Irish Wolfhounds that they used to send them as gifts to their lords and masters in Rome during their service here.

Enjoy the Pleasures of the Table

VICHY - CÉLESTINS *Natural* Mineral Water comes from the world-famous Célestins Spring. It is bottled at the Source, under State Supervision.

Taken at mealtime, Vichy-Célestins is a very pleasant and *proved* corrective for gastric trouble and liver disorders. It gives zest to the appetite, and helps one to enjoy a hearty meal—without fear of digestive derangement.

Obtainable at all Hotels, Clubs, Chemists, Stores, etc.

The French Natural Mineral Water.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the *Sole Wholesale Agents:*

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The NATIONAL DOG FOODS

Make a habit of feeding your dog wisely, regularly, exclusively, on SPRATT'S typically BRITISH biscuits and meals. They are handy to feed—easy to keep—good for him. See the name and trademark X on every genuine SPRATT'S biscuit.

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For LADIES, GENTS and CHILDREN

for just about half the price you usually pay. Perfect fit, smart cut and satisfaction guaranteed, even from your own measures.

GIVE US A CALL OR SEND FOR PATTERNS

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LADIES' RIDING JACKET AND BREECHES *from* 83/6

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Every garment cut to your special individual measurements.

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Courtaulds' Dress and Lingerie Fabrics

for every phase of fashion.

IN whatever society you move, you will find COURTAULDS' FABRICS playing a leading part in the harmonies of dainty feminine raiment. These captivating ranges for dress and lingerie prove that beauty, grace, economy, and durability can be blended in every garment you produce. With any one of the many qualities at your disposal, you will find a COURTAULDS' FABRIC which makes that frock or those "undies" yours to a nicety. There is every colour, design, weight and weave at your price. Ask to see a selection of patterns at your usual Drapers and Stores. The name is on the selvedge.

A dainty suggestion in "Courgette."

All the fabrics named are produced from Courtaulds' finest Rayon Yarns.

"Courgette" (REGISTERED)

A delightful crêpe Suède fabric, satisfying to the eye and pleasing to the touch. 36/37" wide.

~~6/11d.~~ **5/11d.** Per Yard.

"Courlyn" (REGD)

A high-grade Rayon and Wool Marocain of character and charm.

37/38" wide, **5/11d.** Per Yard.

"Delysia"

Daintiness itself for present-day Underwear and Frocks. The textile success of the year.

37/38" wide, **3/11½d.** Per Yard.

"Xantha" (REGISTERED)

The standard knitted fabric for Lingerie; beautifully soft and durable.

48/49" wide, **5/11d.** Per Yard.

"Clytie" REGD SATIN

A luxury fabric at a moderate price, wonderfully durable in wear.

37/38" wide, **4/11d.** Per Yard.

"Luvisca" (REGISTERED)

Silk-like, durable and ideal for Jumpers, Lingerie, Children's wear, etc. 37/38" wide.

Striped designs, **3/3** Per Yard. Plain Shades & Self Checks, **3/6** Per Yard.

"Courcain" REGD

A Rayon and Wool Marocain. Thoroughly dependable and hard-wearing.

38/39" wide, **4/11½d.** Per Yard.

San-Toy Printed Fabrics (Registered)

Lovely colours and fascinating designs for the lady of taste, yet moderate in price.

ASK TO SEE "Viscolaine" REG* A new popular-priced Lingerie Fabric.

Courtaulds' Dress and Lingerie Fabrics

ARE OBTAINABLE FROM LEADING DRAPERS AND STORES EVERYWHERE. If any difficulty, please write Courtaulds Ltd. (Dept. F.21), 16, St. Martins-le-Grand, London, E.C.1, for name of nearest Retailer and descriptive literature.

THE GOURMET : : Conducted by EMILIA

An After-Theatre Supper

OYSTERS SAUTÉ À LA CRÊME.

or

FRICASSÉE OF LOBSTER.

GAME SALAD.

MACÉDOINE OF FRUIT.

WELSH RAREBIT.

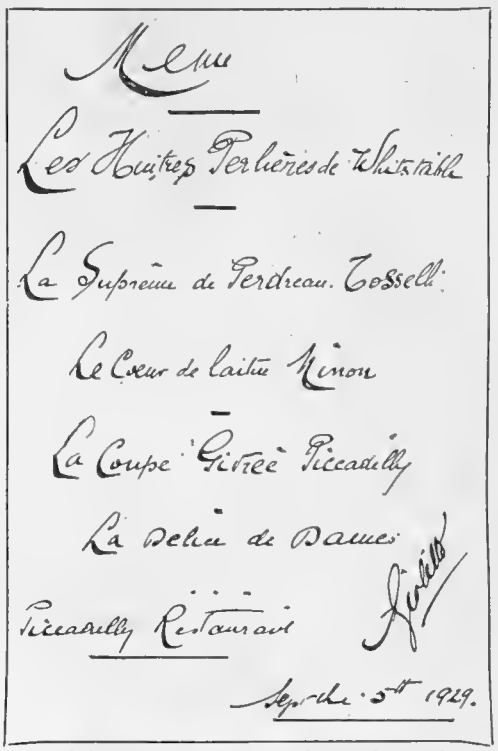
COFFEE.

Oysters Sauté à la Crême

PUT a quart of water over one pint of oysters, drain them and chop them fine. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, put them into a sauté pan, stir in the oysters, dust with salt and pepper, and sauté until well browned. Add two tablespoonfuls of finely crushed biscuit crumbs and three-quarters of a teacup of cream. Stir all together and cook three minutes. Serve in small casserole cups.

Fricassée of Lobster

PICK all the flesh from a good-sized lobster and mince it. Melt 2 ozs. of butter in a chafing-dish, and stir into it two tablespoonfuls of flour Let this cook thoroughly, but not to colour. Then moisten gradually with three-quarters of a pint of milk, and season with salt, pepper, and a pinch of nutmeg. When thoroughly mixed, add the lobster and let it all simmer for ten minutes, stirring it well. Add a good squeeze of lemon-juice, and serve at once with brown bread and butter.



A light gourmet supper served recently at the Piccadilly Hotel by M. Giolitto, by whom the menu has been signed

Game Salad

CUT some cold roast partridge or any other game into neat pieces, and let them marinade for an hour in a mixture of oil and vinegar, seasoned with salt, pepper, and chopped taragon. Then arrange the game in a salad-bowl, surround with shredded lettuce, and decorate the whole with two or three hard-boiled eggs in quarters, a few sliced gherkins, and filleted anchovies. Sprinkle over the mixture in which the game was marinaded.

Macedoine of Fruit

CUT off a piece from the tops of six oranges (seedless if possible) and remove the pulp. Chop together some pine-apple, some muscat grapes, with skins and pips removed, and a few preserved cherries; add some juice from the oranges and a squeeze of lemon. Sweeten with castor sugar all together, and fill the orange skins with the fruit and serve.

Welsh Rarebit

TAKE half a gill of milk, 3 ozs. of Cheddar cheese, cut into small dice, one egg, 1 oz. of butter, and seasoning. Put the milk into a sauté pan and bring it to the boil. Add the cheese, the egg (previously beaten), season with salt, pepper and nutmeg. Stir, cooking slowly, until quite smooth, or resembling thick cream. Remove the pan from the flame and reheat. Pour the mixture over slices of toasted and buttered bread and serve quickly. The secret of this Welsh rarebit is careful and continuous stirring so that it is smooth and creamy.

BURGESS'
FISH RISSOLES
BURGESS'
RECIPE

Melt 1 oz. of margarine or butter in a saucepan, add 1 oz. of flour and cook for a few minutes without browning, then add a gill of milk or fish stock, and stir until it boils and becomes very thick. Add 8 ozs. of flaked, cooked fish (weighed after the skin and bones have been removed), pepper and powdered mace to taste, and about three large teaspoonfuls of **BURGESS' ANCHOVY ESSENCE.** Turn out on a plate to cool, and when quite cold and stiff form into rissoles and coat them with egg and breadcrumbs. Fry in smoking-hot deep fat until golden brown, then drain well on soft paper, and serve on a hot dish accompanied by Anchovy sauce.

THE
ORIGINAL ANCHOVY FIRM
ESTABLISHED 1760

DYSPEPTICS
BENEFIT

Doctor's China Tea is a real boon to dyspeptics as being a delicious tea that they can drink without fear. Doctor's China Tea cannot be injurious, for it is entirely free from excess of tannin. In actual fact all invalids benefit by taking it, and doctors thoroughly recommend it.

DOCTOR'S CHINA TEA

Priced at 3/- and 3/8 per lb., a super quality at 4/2 per lb.

¼lb SENT FREE

Send 6d. in stamps to cover postage and packing for a 2-oz. packet of each of the 3/- and 3/8 blends (i.e. ¼lb. in all) absolutely FREE. A 2-oz. packet of the super 4/2 blend will also be enclosed on receipt of an additional 6d.

HARDEN Bros. & LINDSAY Ltd.
Dept. 131, 30/34, Mincing Lane, E.C.3

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE

RED
WHITE
& BLUE

For Breakfast and After Dinner.

In making use LESS QUANTITY it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

TAYLOR'S
CIMOLITE
FACE POWDER

Beautifies and improves the complexion and is practically invisible.
THE PERFECT FACE POWDER. In Pink, White, Cream, Naturelle, Rouge and Rose Brunette. PRICES **1/1½, 3/- and 3/3.** COMPACTS, COMPLETE WITH PUFF, in similar shades to the Face Powder, PRICE **1/-.** Patronised by Royalty. Recommended by eminent Doctors. Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from
JOHN TAYLOR, 30, Baker Street, London, W.1.

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MAKES DELIGHTFUL & DIGESTIBLE DISHES.

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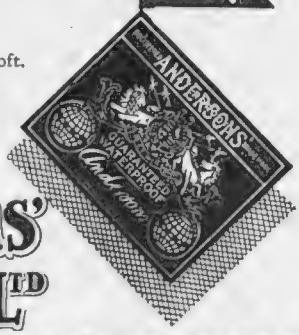

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The PHIT-EESI BANTAM WEIGHT

Seems to become part of the foot, from the first moment's wear you are conscious only of a light "Shoeless" feeling.

This shoe gives an indefinable character to the man who wears it. Ideal for the Dinner, the Dance, the Theatre, Stage Wear and the Thé Dansant.

STOCKED IN BLACK BOX CALF, TAN WILLOW CALF, PATENT LEATHER
In three qualities
21/- 25/- 32/6 Postage 6d. extra.

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44, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.
(Next to the Monico)
And on Sale at all Abbott's Shops.

BY APPOINTMENT

Chivers' Olde English Marmalade

The Morning Tonic!

CHIVERS & SONS LTD
HISTON CAMBRIDGE

1 lb JARS 8d
2 lb JARS 1/3
EXCEPT IN IRISH FREE STATE

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By Appointment Hard Lawn Tennis Court Makers to H.M. The King

The New Improved "En-Tout-Cas" Hard Courts

are being used for the

BRITISH HARD COURT CHAMPIONSHIPS 1930
(BOURNEMOUTH)

BRITISH JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP 1929.
(WIMBLEDON)

"En-Tout-Cas" Courts are replacing those made by our Competitors and used previously for the above championships.

Write for illustrated booklet and full particulars to

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SYSTON near LEICESTER.

or call at our London Office in
FORTNUM & MASON'S Sports Dept., 182, Piccadilly, W.1.
Telephone: Regent 0040.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Successful Excursions

Since the inauguration of the special excursions by the L.N.E.R. to the works of Messrs. Rowntree and Co., Ltd., at York, more than 10,000 passengers have made journeys by rail to see for themselves the modern methods employed there and the ideal conditions under which the work is done. Special trains have been run from Newcastle, Middlesbrough, Hull, Manchester, Leicester, Sunderland, Nottingham, and Sheffield, and recently 400 people made a 400-mile return journey by non-stop express from King's Cross, London. The trains are run direct to Messrs. Rowntree's private station, where the visitors are met by a small army of neatly uniformed girls, who act as guides and describe the interesting developments of the famous chocolate industry, which was started by a Quaker lady, Mary Tuke, in 1725 with a tiny grocer's shop, in defiance of the Merchant Adventurers' trade ring. The estate and gardens cover 222 acres, and 6,000 workers, more than half of them girls, are now employed. Fancy gift boxes for Christmas stockings; motoring chocolate by the ton; rivers of cocoa; insulated packing cases for overseas customers and explorers; ribbons, colours, amazing machinery; deft-fingered girls in snow-white overalls; cool, fern-decorated corridors and spacious, shady lawns, are amongst the impressions gathered by the excursionists, who, after being entertained to tea by Messrs. Rowntree, are each given a souvenir gift of the products of this happiest of factories which stands for an Idea —the idea of contented yet amazingly active co-operation in industry.

Safety First Air Tests

An interesting test was carried out recently on an Argosy aeroplane on its delivery to Imperial Airways. The aeroplane was loaded up to its full capacity of 5,000 lb., with petrol sufficient for four hours. There was very little wind, but the weather was hot and the air somewhat bumpy. The aeroplane left the ground in 11 seconds, and climbed to a height of between 2,000 and 3,000 feet. Each of the Armstrong Siddeley engines was then switched off in turn for a period of 10 minutes, and the aeroplane was flown on the two remaining units. It was found that a height of over 2,000 feet could be maintained with any one engine stopped while flying at an air speed of between 75 and 80 miles an hour. The performance was a little better with the two wing engines running and with the centre engine stopped, the aeroplane climbing steadily in this condition. The behaviour of the engine that was switched off was interesting. At first the air screw continued to turn the engine at a very slow speed, but after about 5 minutes it stopped. In order to start the engine again the aeroplane was speeded up to about 100 miles an hour by diving slightly. The aeroplane has the newest type of 460-510 h.p. Jaguar engine with reduction gear. It is interesting to know that one of these engines has flown more than 450 hours without overhaul, and at the time of writing is running as well as ever.

The whaling factory ship, Vikingen. It has been built by Swan, Hunter and Wigham Richardson, Ltd., of Wallsend-on-Tyne, for the Viking Whaling Co., Ltd., of London

Mastering the Hair

It is an impossibility for a man to look his best if his hair is not under proper control, but, unfortunately, strenuous outdoor sport such as tennis and cricket tend to leave one's hair anything but unruffled unless proper care and precautions are taken, and the sight of a golliwog-like shock of hair can spoil the effect of even the most immaculate of flannels. However, the man who uses Anzora on his hair knows no such worries, for it imparts a perfect gloss to the hair which no amount of exercise can mar.

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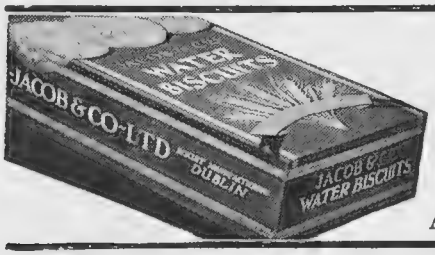

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Natural warmth. . . . .
Light, airy, hygienic comfort ensuring healthy warmth in the coldest weather —that is the mission of the McLintock Quilt with its downproof cover of exceptional beauty and design, and its filling of trebly finished down.
Call and see the exquisite range shown at any high class drapers or furnishers.
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(*Established 1860.*)
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PIONEER IN THE MAKING OF
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"The Queen of Quilts"

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PLAYER'S NAVY CUT.
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"VERMEER SHEEN" PYJAMAS

Tranquil, refreshing sleep is possible on the hottest nights if the right pyjamas are worn. The feel of the texture, so pleasantly soothing, so delightfully cool, encourages a condition of drowsy comfort and peaceful slumber.

Robinson & Cleaver s range of pyjamas offers a wide choice to men who desire to satisfy their tastes at a moderate cost. These are smartly made in a variety of lovely shades—rose, sky, lilac, saxe, gold, orange, jade and lupin—with soft crêpe de Chine finish.

PER SUIT 29/6

Write for a range of patterns.

Fine Wool HOSIERY for Comfort and Wear

Men's Hose in Pure Scotch Wool in a fine reliable quality may be had in the following shades: brown, fawn, navy, grey, black, also in many attractive heather mixtures. Per pair 4/6

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ONE PIECE GARMENT with lace top which is cut low in the back above waist line and gives firm support on the hip. Made in different quality broche materials, bust sizes 34 to 40.

PRICE

52/6 and **63/-**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
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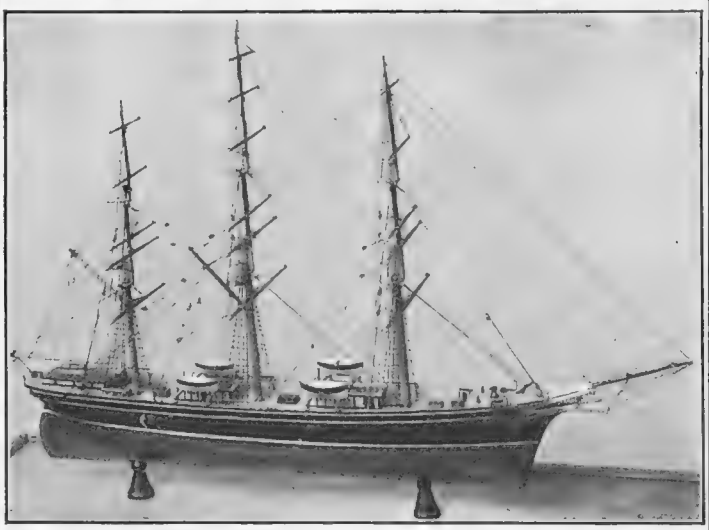
"CUTTY SARK"

A NEW MODEL BY FRANK H. MASON



Length (figurehead to stern), 12½ inches.

A New Model by FRANK H. MASON of the famous "CUTTY SARK" has now been issued by the Sporting Gallery, as a sequel to the same artist-craftsman's "Thermopylæ." *The limited reproduction of the latter (25 in number) have all been sold, and are at a premium.* Twenty-five reproductions only, numbered and signed, will be made of "Cutty Sark," and orders will be executed strictly in rotation as received at the price of Twenty-two Guineas each (packing and transport extra).

These pieces are produced to meet the demand for *true* models of the old Sailing Ships which shall do justice to the grace and beauty of the original vessels, and are works of exquisite charm. "Cutty Sark" is finished in black and copper, with gilt work as necessary. Fittings and blocks are of superior quality

An example can be inspected in the Sporting Gallery.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

In An Exclusive Tweed.

EARLY Autumn Coat in Brown Mixture Tweed, with a contrasting border cleverly interwoven on cuffs, belt, and pocket. The collar is of rich South American Skunk. Lined throughout crepe-de-chine. In W. size. Price

£13. 13. 0.

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BY APPOINTMENT

'SANS SOUCI'
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"The smartest and lightest hat in the world."
Made of finest fur felt. Can be adapted to any shape and will roll quite flat for travelling. Available in all the Newest Shades. All sizes stocked.
PRICE 29/6
A selection of Hats will be sent on approval.

A SUPERB BOOT for RIDING

Light, strong and very durable, a superb boot for riding, tramping, etc., giving lightness and comfort with great durability. Uppers of super quality canvas and a brown golosh of the finest willow calfskin of stout selection. Best oak bark tanned soles welted on the Hand-sewn principle; in sizes and half sizes 3–7. Remember, there is no quality better than Norwell's.

Post free
45/-
Postage abroad extra.

WHEN ORDERING
State size and send pencil outline of foot on paper. Your money will willingly be refunded if you are not perfectly satisfied.

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SINGLE SAMPLE gladly sent on receipt of 6d. postage.

Norwell's
PERTH FOOTWEAR
SEND FOR NORWELL'S CATALOGUE
You will find it useful and interesting. It is replete with guaranteed footwear for all occasions.
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TRUST THE MAN BEHIND THE BOOT
Established over 150 years

The "COUNTYX" Coat

HIGH-GRADE Fashion Tweed Coats for Sporting and General Wear in Town and Country.

The fact that the leading Fashion Houses carry a full range of these fine English-tailored Overcoats demonstrates the confidence that has been established in the "Countyx" Coat.

A feature for this Season is the addition of models with fur trimmings on collars and cuffs to harmonize with the exclusive weather-proofed Scotch Tweeds and other high-grade materials.

All sizes, ranging in price from 6 Gns. to 10 Gns.

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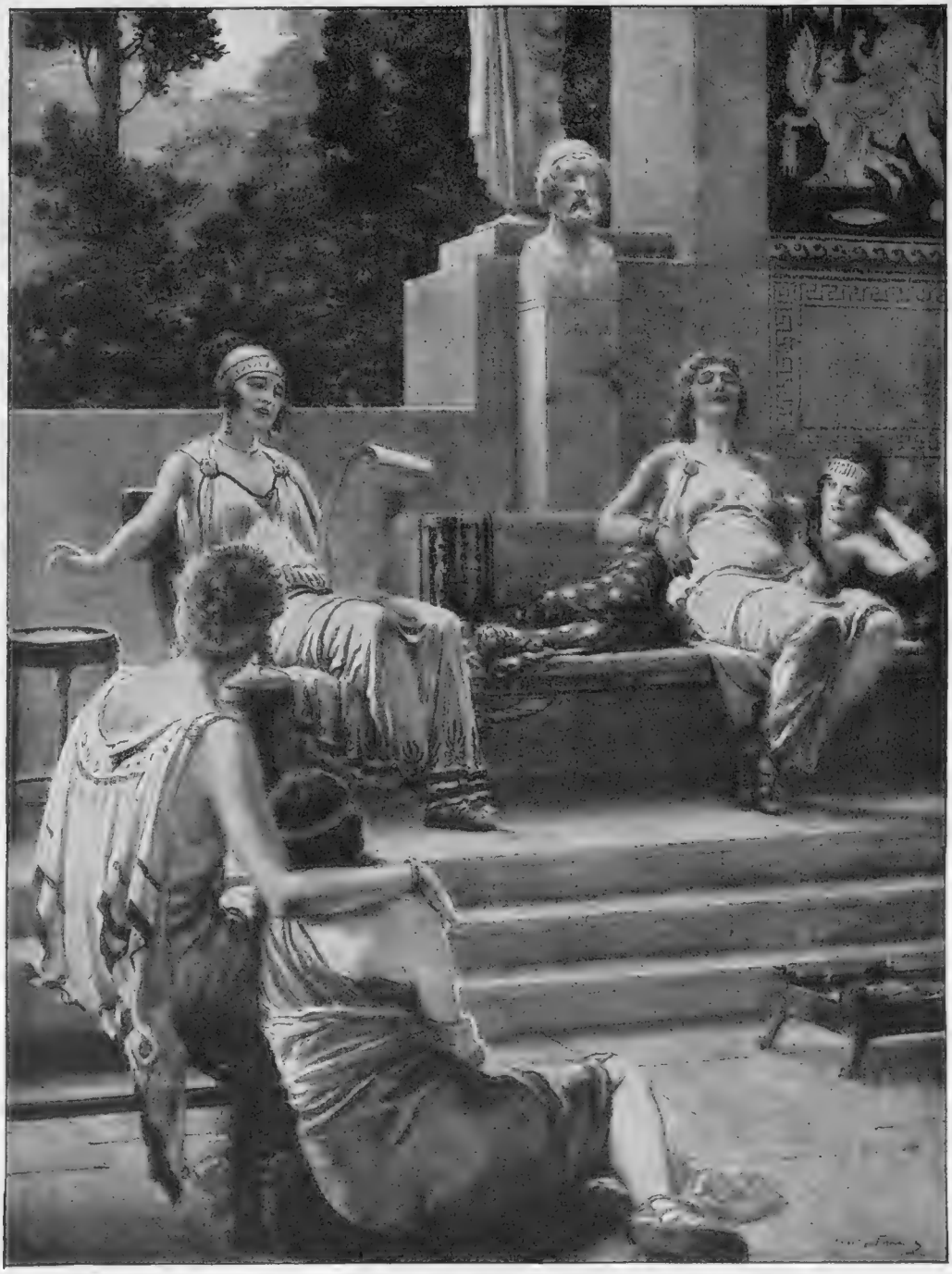

Famous Women of History

Sappho

"It must have been an exciting business belonging to Sappho's House of the Muses; there was a great deal of emotion about. Atthis and Telesippa and Megara and Anactoria and Euneica, as they sat at her feet and listened to the poems she wrote about them, must have found in her anything but the conventional schoolmistress . . . so the little island became a centre of that cult of beauty which was somehow innate in the Greek character. If anyone had this love of beauty it was Sappho. Like Michelangelo, she was most susceptible to it when she saw it in her own sex. . . ."

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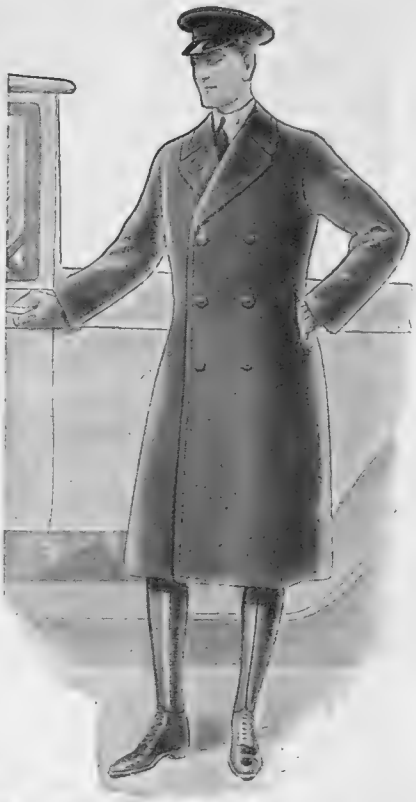

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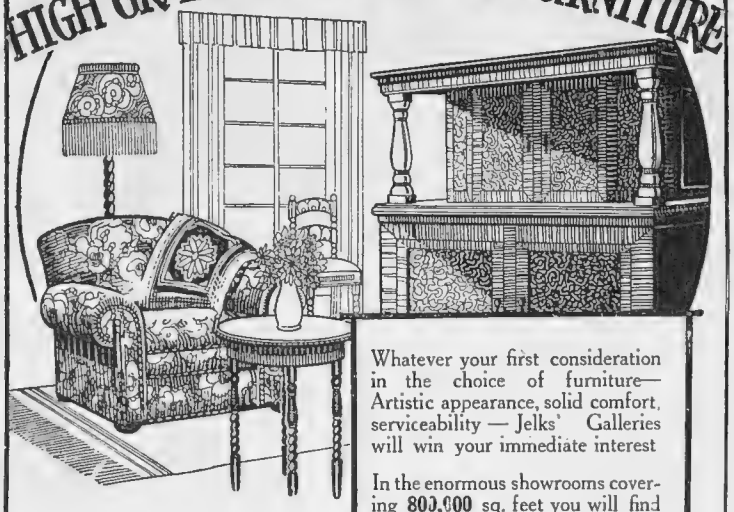

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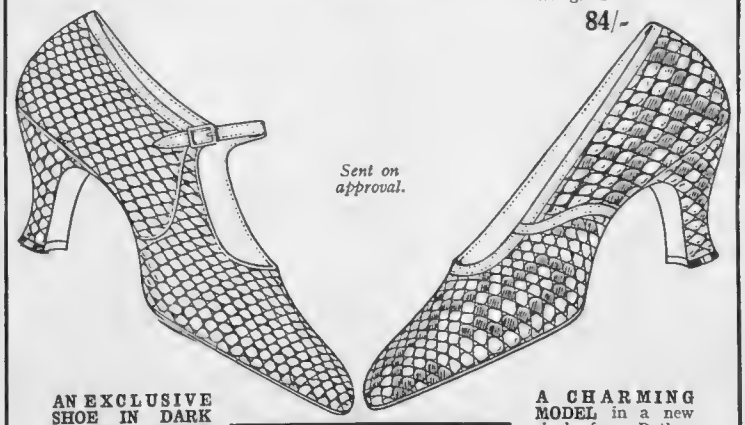

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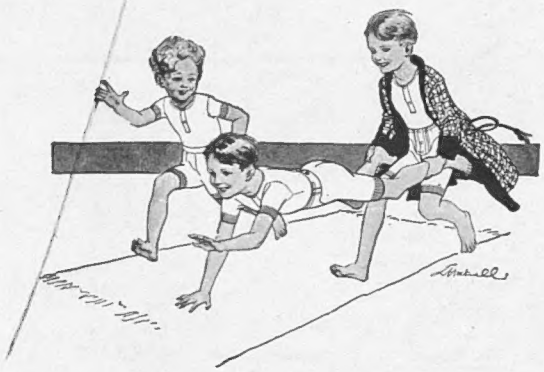

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And all the little Oysters came
And followed hand in hand,
"If we but had some Guinness now,"
They said, "it would be grand!"

"If seven men with seven tongues
Talked on till all was blue,
Could they give all the reasons why
Guinness is good for you?"—
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
"But that it's good is true."

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Sat down at once to sup,
The Oysters, too, went smoothly down,
And Guinness crowned the cup—
And not a word was spoken more
Till all was finished up!

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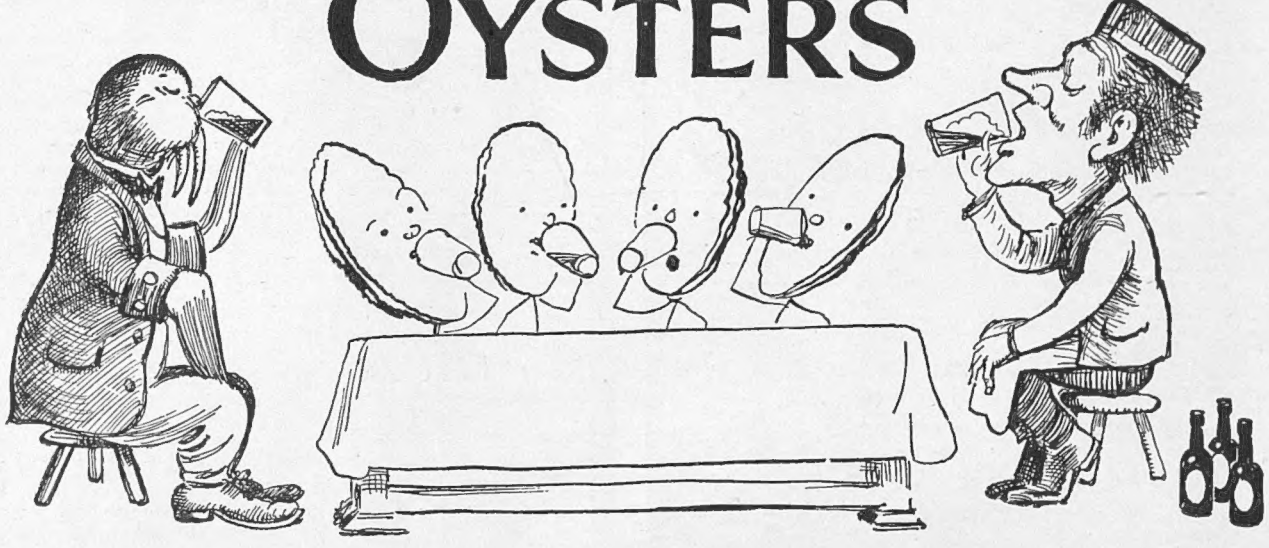

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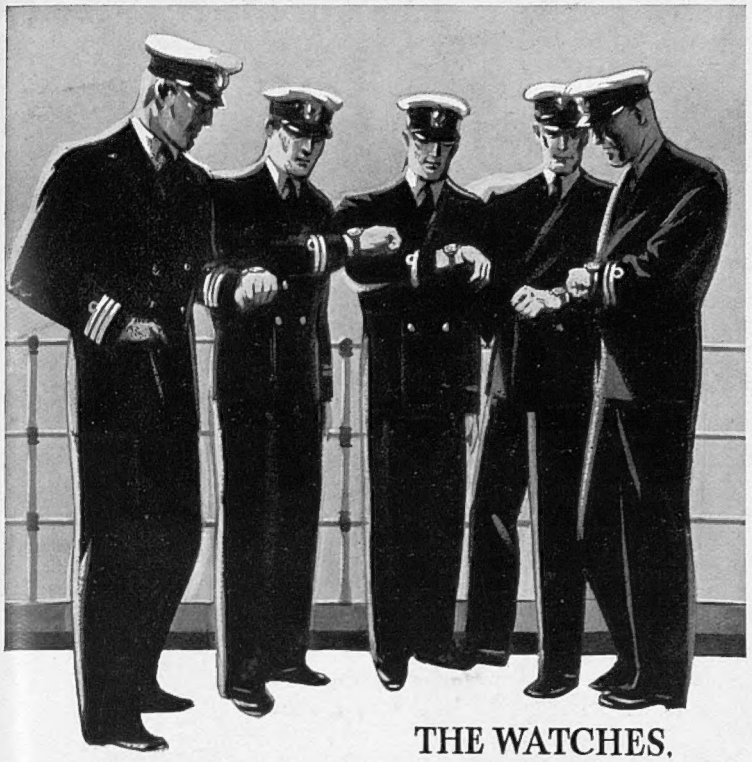

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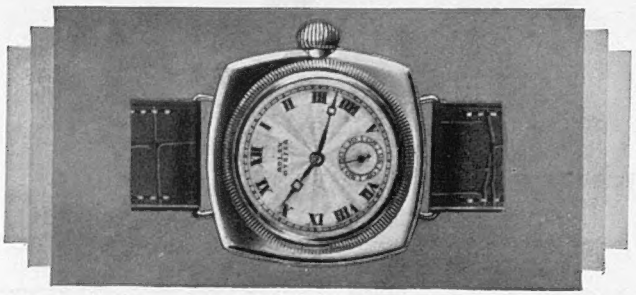

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